

# The Freeman

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ending of passive resistance has brought him no results, and a Sabbath-like calm still reigns over the mines and furnaces.

OUR neighbour the *Nation* has rendered a valuable public service in reprinting significant passages from the confidential circular distributed by the banking group responsible for negotiating the recent loan of \$6,000,000 to the Government of San Salvador. The circular conveys unmistakably the information that the State Department acted as a middleman in this financial transaction, and amiably arranged that possible future disputes about the contract should be adjudicated by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court or some other Federal judge. The terms of the loan, after the custom of such matters, provide that the revenues of San Salvador shall be administered by a Collector-General nominated by the bankers, "with the concurrence of the Secretary of State of the United States." As the circular phrases it: "The Government [of San Salvador] at no time receives any of the money pledged for the benefit of the bondholders, but the bondholders collect this money themselves."

IN the face of the plain wording of the circular, the hasty disavowal of the State Department that it was not involved in any secret dickering makes a dismal showing. "The United States Government," declares the anonymous spokesman for Mr. Hughes, "entered into no commitments whatever concerning the loan, and gave no guarantee of any kind to stand behind it." On the other hand the bankers, in extolling the stability of the bonds, not only assert that the United States Government participated in the negotiations, but they append the following portentous assurance: "It is simply not thinkable that, after a Federal judge has decided any dispute between the bondholders and the Salvador Government, the U. S. Government should not take the necessary steps to sustain such decision. There is a precedent in a dispute between Costa Rica and Panama, in which a warship was sent to carry out the verdict of the arbitrators." One must conclude either that the State Department is once more misinformed about its own activities, or that the bankers have perpetrated a wicked libel on the Department. If the latter be true, Mr. Hughes could make out a better case by invoking the law to clear his Department than by relying on vague disavowals. The incident is a handsome illustration of what political government is for, and it gives a glimpse of how an irresponsible executive Department may sign the underlying population to a promissory note for future wars on behalf of private interests.

DESPITE reports to the contrary, the little brown brothers in the Philippines have apparently adopted a policy of political non-co-operation against Governor-General Wood. When the General, dressed in the full panoply of war, with his sword dangling at his side, and accompanied by bespangled aides, stalked into the opening session of the Legislature at Manila to read his message, the members received him with an eloquent silence. The observer of the *New York Times* remarked that the features of the legislators remained absolutely blank, "with that peculiar Oriental blankness which might mean nothing

## CURRENT COMMENT.

THE LLOYD GEORGE-CLEMENCEAU-WILSON peace treaty is now working out to its logical conclusion in the disintegration of the country which had achieved the highest degree of cultural civilization in Europe. In cities along the Belgian border the Rhineland Republic, which M. Poincaré has been preparing for so painstakingly, has already been proclaimed. The Ruhr seems completely divorced from the German Reich, and it is reported that forms of French currency will be introduced in both the Ruhr and the Rhineland in a few days. In other respects Chancellor Stresemann's dictatorship is doing as poorly as could be expected. Red Saxony steadfastly refuses to accept the decrees of the military Governor sent from Berlin, and the Chancellor's relations with that State consist of an exchange of defiances. In Bavaria Dr. von Kahr, the Fascist dictator, has reinstated General von Lossow as commander-in-chief of the Bavarian section of the Reichswehr, after the General had been removed by the Berlin Government; and by this action the Bavarian fire-eaters have got control of some 12,000 of Herr Stresemann's troops. While these threatening events are occurring in the outlying districts, the troops and the police are kept busy in Berlin subduing outbreaks of the refractory population.

MEANWHILE Herr Stresemann has attempted to bolster his declining prestige by uttering bold defiances against the French Government. He has called upon the allies of France and the rest of the world to witness M. Poincaré's cruel design to annihilate the Reich. His Government, he asserts, "will sign no new dictate of unfulfillable conditions," and will make no more payments of "reparations" to France. This declaration is couched in terms of blood and iron, but it is somewhat diluted by the fact that the German Government has not been making any voluntary deliveries to France on account of "reparations" since the first of the year anyway, and so, on analysis, the defiance really leaves everything in *statu quo*. M. Poincaré will probably lose no sleep over any paper fulminations from the Chancellor. Doubtless he is busily engaged in his plans to collect his own payments out of the Ruhr, as soon as he can find some formula by which to make the local population there get to work. Thus far the formal



or very much." The description is significant, though we gather that the correspondent of the *Times* has not recently had an opportunity to study the expression of our Occidental countenances in a poker-game anywhere between Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon. General Wood carried in his pocket a blanket indorsement of his policies from Mr. Weeks, the amiable Secretary of War in Washington, which he had read to the legislative leaders before the session. Apparently, if he expected this missive to subdue their spirit, he was disappointed. In his cabled message Mr. Weeks emphasized the great personal sacrifice of General Wood in accepting his office "to serve the Filipino people," and added that the sacrifice entitled General Wood to the support of the Administration. It is clear that the Filipinos are reluctant to have the General's self-immolation unduly protracted.

We do not know whether or not General Wood desires to set up a military dictatorship in his island domain, but at any rate considerable inspirational news of an alarmist nature is coming over the cables from his capital. The other day we read in the *New York Times* that Americans on the islands felt that they were "living on a volcano," and they were convinced that the propaganda of Señor Quezon, the nationalist leader, "had so worked up the masses that now anything was within possibility." The Americans, as is usual in such dispatches, were anonymous. Two days later, in a dispatch to the *World*, Señor Quezon took occasion emphatically to deny that an armed uprising was contemplated, and the correspondent of the *World* corroborated his opinion that stories of a possible outbreak were deliberate fabrications. It appears that tainted news is now being pumped out of the Philippines in generous quantities; and one does not need a long memory to recall that doses of this commodity from an unwilling colony usually precede acts of aggression by the imperial masters.

We had supposed that the old feudal idea of the divinity of government had been pretty thoroughly blasted during the past few years, except possibly among barbarians extremely remote from civilization; yet here is Mr. Coolidge solemnly restating the outworn fallacy in the broadest manner. "The law represents the voice of the people," he told the Governors. "Behind it and supporting it is a divine sanction. Enforcement of law and obedience to law, by the very nature of our institutions, are not matters of choice in this Republic, but the expression of a moral requirement of living in accordance with the truth. They are clothed with a spiritual significance." Through all history vicious humbuggery of precisely this kind has served as a cloak for the rankest injustice and tyranny. If Mr. Coolidge really believes that laws have a divine origin, he apparently was absent from Washington during the period when those curious archangels, Messrs. Smoot, Lodge and Gooding, were logrolling the tariff-thievery through the Senate. Surely Mr. Coolidge has been in politics long enough to know that our statutes are not made in heaven, but in carefully sealed committee-rooms where the voice of the people is usually not allowed to disturb the whispering of our old friends monopoly and privilege. We are sceptical that even the Volstead law, which Mr. Coolidge so cherishes in his official conscience, represents the will of the Deity, for that would imply that the bootleggers are a Chosen People.

As for the Conference of Governors, it deserves a high rating in our formidable roster of political indecencies. Enforcement of the law was the topic for discussion, and one would infer from the speeches that the Volstead Act was the only law on the statute-books. Executives from

the States where the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, dealing with the protection of human rights, have been repudiated ever since they were placed in the Constitution, were especially eloquent about their devotion to the Eighteenth Amendment, dealing with a restriction of human liberty. The gubernatorial brethren, as Governor Blaine of Wisconsin pointed out, were suspiciously shy about getting down to any effective measure for the enforcement of prohibition, but there seemed to be a consensus of opinion among them that American virtue could be somewhat redeemed by stinging the taxpayers for the salaries of a greater number of deserving place-men to levy blackmail on the bootleg industry. We take no special pleasure in dwelling upon iniquity and hypocrisy, even among politicians, and therefore we happily record that two of the Governors, Mr. Ritchie of Maryland and Mr. Smith of New York, demonstrated their common honesty by pointing out to their colleagues and to Mr. Coolidge that an obvious way to ameliorate the evils they described, including the growing disrespect for law, was to recast the whole prohibition statute in a mould of common sense; or, adopting the Calvinist phraseology, to give the law some human as well as divine sanction.

THE proposed grant of Government credit to the amount of more than £50,000,000 for the purpose of relieving the unemployment crisis in Great Britain is one of those fatuous devices which Governments continue to resort to, notwithstanding the certain failure which always attends them. Why is Great Britain facing a third winter with at least a million and a quarter of wage-earners out of work? Because of the derangement of industry due to the breakdown of capitalism. Who is to provide the £50,000,000 which the Government is to pledge itself to produce? The British tax-payers, whose ability to pay is already badly strained by the derangement of industry. Some portion of the outlay—for example the £12,000,000 which it is proposed to use in financing various trading enterprises—may in time be recovered through taxation of wealth which will be created; and some slight return may accrue from the expenditure of ten to fifteen millions on railway improvements. Even these items, however, are extremely problematical; while the remaining twenty-five millions, which are to be sunk in roads and bridges and in grants for local improvement schemes, represent in practice no creation of taxable wealth at all. We venture the prediction that the plague of unemployment, if repressed a little in one quarter or another by these applications of Government credit, will only spread itself in other directions and bring further evils in its train.

In the Netherlands, economic conditions generally are in a pretty bad way, now that the German neighbours have fallen so far behind both as consumers and as producers. The Dutch farmers have lost their best market, the Dutch shipping-masters are short of German cargoes, and the Queen has been compelled to speak in a somewhat discouraged tone of "the heavy burden of the times." Hence it seems a particularly inauspicious moment for the introduction of the navy-bill which has just come forward at The Hague. The measure has been for months a subject of popular debate, and a correspondent reports the rumour that a foreign Government is now pressing for early and favourable action. The supporters of the measure argue that Holland should have a fleet at least large enough to be of service to a possible ally, in case of a war in the Far East; and in the course of the discussion of the bill, frequent mention has been made of the possibility of a war between Great Britain and the United States for the control of the oil-fields of the East. Inasmuch as an



American company recently attempted, with the support of Mr. Hughes, to secure oil-concessions in the East Indian possessions of Holland, which concessions were later turned over to the Royal Dutch Company (an Anglo-Dutch concern), it is not difficult to guess which of the Powers is most interested in promoting, and most likely to profit by, an increase in the naval power of Queen Wilhelmina's kingdom. However, the Dutch would perhaps turn readily enough to fleet-building from motives all their own, for Holland is in every proper sense an empire, with a full measure of imperial possessions and imperialistic policies.

CERTAIN respectable British journals express alarm lest, in case their Government does not take drastic measures to restrain the British vessels engaged in the lucrative business of helping to mitigate the legalized drought in America, friendly relations between the British people and their American cousins will be completely destroyed. The *Spectator* voices disgust and apprehension at "the whole business of British subjects conspiring with bootleggers to defeat American law," and other publications project moral sentiments of a similarly decorous nature. To the average American, however, all this romantic concern over the legal proprieties is a bit puzzling. If these conscientious British editors believe that there is any resentment among Americans against British citizens who turn a penny by exporting hard liquor to the edge of our three-mile limit, they could easily dispel their illusion by putting a few blunt questions to some of their American colleagues. We have no doubt that the informal importations have roused in millions of American bosoms a sentiment of unusual affection and respect for British citizens and institutions; and if some enterprising British purveyor could devise a way of getting beer to us in habit-forming quantities, we suspect that American opinion would veer rapidly towards rejoining the British Commonwealth of more or less free and convivial nations.

IN fact, since the days when the sea-dogs of merrie England trafficked with the forbidden ports of the Spanish Main, the American trade has hardly offered so much in the way of profit and adventure as it yields at this very moment. The *Manchester Guardian Weekly* is engaged just now in publishing the personal narrative of a successor to the corsairs of other days, "a British seaman with a long record of service," who is now engaged in the great rum-trade with this country. Recently he sailed on a ship that lay off New York harbour for five months, and did a roaring overside business with the gunmen of our metropolises. The yarn is an amusing one, and the budgetry side of the trade comes out very nicely in another article which deals with a more aristocratic adventurer. This latter article, as abstracted in the *Living Age*, embodies a circular in which a certain Sir Brodrick Hartwell promises to return to his countrymen a profit of twenty per cent every sixty days upon any money that they may invest in his bootlegging enterprise. This has a large sound to it, but does not Sir Brodrick's very name recall the times when fortunes were made or lost upon the turn of a single voyage?

IF the reports published in the *New York World* are to be believed, as we have no doubt they are, the recent State convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Buffalo must have afforded a fearsome glimpse of the millennium. Miss Helen G. Estelle, national superintendent of anti-narcotic work under the W. C. T. U., reported that the temptation of nicotine as a "dangerous, habit-forming and narcotic drug" is "assailing every boy and girl in the country," but that the Union hoped soon to have the filthy weed classified as a poison. The next

day Mrs. Harriet L. Pritchard, superintendent of the Union's department for purity in literature and art (!), denounced the "gauzy make-believes" of women's attire that "seduce the mind," and declared that "it is dreadful to contemplate the havoc wrought in the spiritual life of humanity by the writings of Darwin." Cigarettes, "thin things" and evolution are as dizzy a combination as could well be wished, but they may at least serve to show, for the thousandth time, the degree of moral and intellectual enlightenment of an organization which, having done its best to make liquor-drinking respectable, is now creating other evils to canonize.

SHORTLY after Mr. Coolidge stepped into Mr. Harding's shoes, word came from the White House that the new President would deal with the cases of the three dozen remaining political prisoners, who are serving under the discredited espionage law, in a "reasonable" manner. Apparently Mr. Coolidge's "reasonableness" is badly in need of a self-starter, for the weeks have gone by and all these victims of official humbug, malice and prejudice are still behind the bars. We are reminded again of this disgraceful situation by the receipt of a pamphlet containing dozens of editorials from conservative papers in this country, offering dispassionate and convincing arguments for the release of these men. We trust Mr. Coolidge will have this pamphlet emphatically called to his attention. The President has spoken on a number of occasions in praise of the Christian virtues, and we gather from the illustrated supplements that he is a weekly attendant at public worship; but it is inconceivable to us that a man in his position, with direct responsibility for the continuance of a flagrant injustice, can have the temerity to look a Christian church in the face.

"ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND people a year working for you," is the attractive offer that heads a real-estate's advertisement of lots on sale in a suburb of New York. "New York City is growing at that rate and making lots increase in value," says the realtor in a statement that ought to be of at least as much interest to the mass of rent-payers, who create the increment, as to the few landlords who realize upon it. A similar advertisement exhibits a picture of the Astor's family tree, tall and flourishing, with names all the way back to the original John Jacob. The realtor tells us that the Astors have been for a century and a quarter the most successful of all investors in metropolitan real estate, but he does not mention here the millions of people upon whose multiplication the success of these investments has depended. On the basis of reports received from 161 cities, the National Industrial Conference Board announced recently that rents did not share in the general decline in the cost of living which began in July, 1920, but have continued to rise, except for a period in 1921, and are now at their maximum, seventy-five per cent above the level of pre-war days. Barring accidents, the real-estate business will go on making Astors till the end of time. The only thing that can possibly interfere is the development of a popular understanding of the process involved.

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## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### JUSTICE FIRST.

ON the principle that a very little is better than nothing, it is perhaps worth while for New Yorkers to scuffle with the legislature for a continuance of the emergency rent-laws. These measures were passed three years ago, ostensibly by way of relief in what was known as the housing crisis. Their real purpose was the usual one—to afford just as little relief as possible, consistently with appearing to afford a great deal. These measures worked that way; they were the gentlest of demonstrations against the landlord, made only because public feeling had reached a point where something had to be done. Now they are about to expire. If they are not continued, the owners of cheaper and poorer apartment-houses will be able to put the screws on their tenants a little tighter, perhaps; but in no other way will the problem of urban landlordism be affected.

For our part, we are not especially interested in the fate of these laws. It is impossible for us to get up anything like a full head of steam over palliatives and compromises. We have been somewhat interested, however, in the comment made by newspapers and public men upon the situation. Some of the newspapers say frankly enough that the laws are quite inadequate—one, indeed, makes quite a point of their inadequacy. Well, it is safe enough to do that now, three years after the time when such observations might conceivably have had some relevancy. One paper remarks that "there is no graver problem in this city to-day, and none that has been so persistently dodged or left to chance to turn up a solution." Just so; though it hardly lies in the mouth of the paper in question to say this, since itself has dodged the question as persistently as any, and still dodges it; for after all this magisterial profundity it comes out at the end with a dark and bloody hint at the possibility of—municipal housing! Another paper, published in the interests of organized labour, advocates the American Labour party's "programme of municipal housing, to be rented to the people at cost"! What struck us with uncommon force, however, was the statement of Mr. Samuel McCune Lindsay, who exemplifies the eternal fitness of things by being professor of social legislation at Columbia University, that "there must always be a surplus of labour to keep wages down, or else wages will be abnormally high. There must always be a number of workers without employment; and the same thing applies to renting. There must always be a surplus of tenants." We have sometimes wondered in an idle way upon whose shoulders the mantle of the late Mr. Baer, president of the Reading coal concern, had come to rest; but we are pretty sure now, and would be quite sure if Mr. Lindsay had only added that the inevitability of these little adjustments was a matter of God's will. Perhaps, though, he did get this point in, and it was for some reason left out of the newspaper-reports which we read.

We noticed, however, that in no discussion of the problem that came to our attention was there any economic differentiation made between property in houses, which are a labour-product and can be multiplied indefinitely, and property in land, which is not a labour-product and can neither be increased nor diminished in volume. We saw no differentiation made between the landowner and the houseowner, even when both functionaries are united in the same person. We saw no distinction drawn between rent proper and house-rent, which is not rent at all, strictly speaking, but interest, inasmuch as a house stands in the category

of capital. We venture to think, moreover, that until these distinctions and differentiations are effected, not only in an academic way but in practice, the public will not be much further ahead with the problem of housing than it is now, than it will be when it gets through with the next palliative of municipal housing, or than the legislature, the newspapers and Mr. Lindsay really want it to be.

Our own view of the case is extremely simple and, we think, logical. There is but one place to build houses, and that is on land. Land, in the United States, is held as private property through a privilege conferred by law. Property in land is a natural monopoly, because there is only so much land; no one can create any more. This monopoly is indefensible on grounds of natural right, because land is not a labour-product but a free gift from the Creator to the whole human family, and the appropriation of any part of it in monopoly is robbery. The value of any given piece of land is determined by the number of people who want it; this demand, actual or potential, determines the amount that the monopolist can exact, without labour or service of any kind, for access to the piece of land in question; and this amount represents its rent. The private absorption of rent by the monopolist is indefensible because it comes to him, not as the fruit of labour, but as the consequence of mere privileged ownership. Now, we simply ask our friends, and especially our journalistic friends who are anxious because the problem of housing has been so persistently dodged, to consider the effect produced upon this problem by a summary confiscation of this rent and the concomitant abolition of all taxation. We do not propose to affront their intelligence by offering to work it out for them; we ask only that they will work it out for themselves—that they will work it out thoroughly and publish their findings.

The housing problem is, under present conditions, utterly insoluble because it has its roots in injustice. Nothing that is not just will in the long run be found to work, and no legislative tinkering can possibly make it work. The present rent-laws are merely an effort to bring something that appears more or less like justice out of injustice; and that is absolutely impracticable and impossible. No device like "municipal housing" can cut in between justice and injustice and lay out a satisfactory middle-course between these two incompatibles. It is unjust that the common gift of God, upon which every creature depends for its existence, should be monopolized, and access to it made dependent upon extortion. It is unjust that the value conferred upon it and by the mere presence of population should be given over into private hands. When these injustices are perceived and rectified, there will be no housing problem. Unless and until they are rectified, the problem is insoluble.

In the matter of housing, then, the first thing is justice. When justice is done, it will be time enough to talk of what may follow. But let us have justice first. We do not want palliatives, we do not want temporary expedients, we do not want an ameliorated and flavoured injustice. Give us justice first, and then if anything remains to be settled and adjusted, let it come up in due order. First things first; and the first thing in the housing problem is justice.

### MOSCOW LOOKS ON GERMANY.

If sanguinary class-war blazes up from the ruin and desolation in Germany, there is no telling how far the flames may spread. The world war arose from a more remote spark, at a time when the international situa-



tion seemed less inflammable than now. Any internal conflict of a violent nature in Germany would be greatly complicated by M. Poincaré's predatory designs, and by ambitions that would quickly arise among the imperialist elements in Poland and other countries. Before the struggle was over all Europe might be at grips again, and in the end, if anything were left of European civilization, one might expect to see it take a sharp turn either to the Right or to the Left. Under the circumstances the reactions of the stern realists of Moscow to developments in Germany are of peculiar importance at this time.

The Russian Communist leaders have been watching with vigilant anxiety the rapid transformations in the German situation, and as far as one can observe, their sentiments are curiously mixed. On the one hand, as we have previously pointed out, they are trustees for what is potentially the richest patch of real property in the civilized world; a property which they are earnestly desirous of developing, along the lines of their co-operative ideas, to the highest point of productivity. One good harvest under peaceful conditions has given them a start on the road, and they are frugally planning to use the agricultural surplus for the rehabilitation of their heavy industry. For their constructive efforts peace and trade are the immediate need, and in this respect their logical policy runs parallel to that of the British Government. A fresh European upheaval would imperil their prospects.

On the other hand the revolutionary ardour still burns, perhaps with a somewhat subdued flame, in the bosoms of the Russian leaders. Should the German proletariat, or even a considerable section of it, be goaded into revolt against Fascist oppression, as well as against the imperialists of the Entente, the sympathies of the men who suffered exile or were marooned in Siberian prisons for their belief in a new order could not fail to be actively enlisted. These sympathies would be reinforced by practical considerations. A Fascist Germany would be a menacing neighbour. A Germany salvaged as a whole or piecemeal for the old order, and chained, like Austria, to the international bankers, would be a scarcely less unpleasant portent. On the other side of the picture, a Germany, or even a considerable fragment of Germany, inspired by the Communist idea, would be a valuable reinforcement for Russia. It would, as one of the Communist leaders has pointed out, "give the Russian proletariat a large amount of technical means and technical capability towards the reconstruction of the vast realm from Vladivostok to the Beresina."

These are weighty considerations. They are not weakened by the recent spread of the Fascist idea through Europe, a phenomenon which has been observed with alarm by the Russian leaders. While Russia has gained in strength and security, the Communist movement, in several countries has suffered the severest repression under the Fascist mailed fist. A conspicuous humiliation in Germany would be a bitter pill to swallow. In view of all these facts the Russian brethren, after a period of wavering, seem inclined at least to take such risks as may be forced upon them. They are talking boldly, at any rate, while in Saxony the comrades are defying Herr Stresemann's lightning. "The Communist party of Russia," wrote Mr. Karl Radek, the party's propagandist-extraordinary, in one of his recent summaries of the German situation, "has declared in its public proclamation to the masses of Germany and Russia that, however much it may have striven to keep peace, and however much it may strive in the future to keep it,

it is none the less fully determined not to permit a German revolution to be throttled by the Entente, and that it will fight on the side of the German people should the latter freely resolve to take this great step. It is not necessary to explain the seriousness of this, and I am convinced that there is no politically serious person in the world who will regard this resolution lightly." It should be added, without prejudice to Mr. Radek's emphasis, that while the leadership of the Russian Communist party is virtually identical with the leadership of the Russian Government, the members of the interlocking directorates are accustomed to differentiate between the two whenever they find it expedient.

Psychologically the Russian rulers should be amply prepared for the present situation. They realized, apparently before any other set of politicians, the logical possibilities involved in M. Poincaré's abrupt seizure of the Ruhr at the beginning of the year, and they have been explaining the situation realistically to their people ever since. Shortly after the occupation began Mr. Bukharin, a leader in the inner circle of the Russian Communist party, pointed out in a public speech that M. Poincaré's action had disrupted the peace and completely overthrown the political equilibrium of Europe. If the aggressive French policy were eventually successful, and if, by making certain compensations to England and Poland, French imperialism were able to consolidate its gains in Germany, the situation, in Mr. Bukharin's view, would constitute a new menace to Russia. "We must realize that for us the point of essential importance is our economic reconstruction," he declared, "and the emphasis on our will to peace is exemplified in the considerable reduction of our army. But at the same time we must emphasize that we have no intention of permitting the enemy to seize us by the throat as the French troops have seized the republic of Herr Ebert." Surveying the situation from another angle, Mr. Bukharin acknowledged that it gave the Communists an incomparable talking-point against the old order. "Strictly speaking," he said, "we ought to be grateful to M. Poincaré, for the Ruhr events constitute a powerful means of propaganda against the further development of imperialist and bourgeois tendencies. The imperialist war of 1914 was carried on by the bourgeoisie under an extraordinarily powerful ideological cloud. Every book and paper—the most important instruments of capitalism—asseverated that the war pursued idealistic aims. . . . The events in the Ruhr lay bare the naked economic interests at stake, expressed in terms of so many tons of coal, in so many square kilometres of foreign territory, in such and such a quantity of gold, to be received by France in accordance with the treaty of Versailles. . . . Thus the chief significance of the occupation of the Ruhr lies in the great campaign of exposure which it represents, implying for us a great political asset upon which we can rely in the future, upon which we can already rely to-day, for dispelling the illusions of the working class." About the same time that Mr. Bukharin made his speech, Mr. Chicherin, the Russian Foreign Minister, published a study of the Ruhr adventure as a morbid phase of the international concentration of capital; and at a very early stage writers in the official Russian press visualized the struggle in the Ruhr as one to determine whether the German industrialists or the Comité des Forges should obtain the control of the coal fields.

As time went on, Mr. Chicherin's interpretation was further developed by the Communist philosophers. By summer we find Mr. Trotsky writing as follows:



Behind the war lay the need of the forces of production for a wider field of development, unhampered by customs barriers. Similarly, in the occupation of the Ruhr, so disastrous to Europe and to mankind, we find a distorted expression of the need for uniting the coal of the Ruhr with the iron of Lorraine. Europe can not develop economically within the State customs-frontiers created at Versailles. She is compelled either to remove these frontiers, or to face the prospect of complete economic decay. But the methods adopted by the ruling bourgeoisie to overcome the frontiers it itself created, are only increasing the chaos and accelerating the process of ruin. To the toiling masses of Europe it is becoming ever clearer that the bourgeoisie is incapable of solving the basic problems of European restoration.

For this impasse Mr. Trotzky offered the slogan "the United States of Europe," which he interpreted as a Europe freed from customs barriers, "reparations," and the aggressions of imperialism, and organized for production on co-operative lines.

Of late Mr. Radek has assumed the post of official Russian expositor of the shifting phases of German disintegration. He has the advantage of knowing Germany to the very roots, and it must be admitted that among all the politicians of Europe, with the possible exception of M. Poincaré, he wields the most brilliant pen. While he has neglected no opportunity to demonstrate the impotence of representatives of the old order to pull Germany out of the morass, he has been at pains not to exaggerate the Communist opportunity, and has persistently deprecated a policy of immature rashness on the part of the German comrades. "The revolution can not be imported from outside," he wrote recently. "If the German people do not decide for the revolution, nobody can command them to have a revolution. The command is given by a higher authority than the Executive of the Communist International. It is a command coming *de profundis*, out of the depths of the need of the German people."

His latest summary of the state of Germany may be accepted as the point of view of Russian Communism:

Germany [he wrote] is at the lowest point of impotence and degradation, but what best characterizes her situation is not the fact that large tracts of German territory are occupied by French troops, or that a part of the realm is cut off from the rest by foreign might; the situation is best characterized by the fact that the classes which have hitherto ruled in Germany are not capable, and can not be capable, of uniting Germany, and of saving Germany from becoming a colony for foreign capitalists, or the German people from becoming the helots of the bourgeoisie of foreign nations. It is not the situation itself which is catastrophic, but the direction of its development under the rule of the bourgeoisie. Every bourgeois Government in Germany since the war has been a Government of capitulation. And they have all been so, not because they wanted to be, but because they were obliged to be.

Even from these brief excerpts it will be seen that, from the very beginning, the Soviet leaders fully realized the broader implications of M. Poincaré's adventure, and that they have shrewdly prepared the minds of their followers for the confusion and disaster which have now descended upon Central Europe. Their action will probably be dictated by events, as the German drama unfolds itself; if they have mapped out a tentative plan, that is a secret locked within the walls of the Kremlin. As practical economists, faced with the task of rehabilitating a great productive machine, their interests pull them one way, and as revolutionists their sentiments pull them another. In so far as they comprise the most intelligent political group in Europe,

wielding political power in the country greatest in point of territory and population, their decisions are likely to have a profound influence on the future of the world.

### CAN DR. BUTLER LEARN?

SOME anonymous well-wisher, possibly a publicity secretary, recently favoured us with an envelope containing two brief pamphlets from the distinguished pen of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. One of the pamphlets is a defence of the established order, reprinted from an article by Dr. Butler in the London *Daily Telegraph*, under the title "Socialism versus Capitalism." Dr. Butler, with his usual clarity, takes the view that as a designation of the present economic system, "capitalism is an unpleasing word, and not an accurate one." We humbly permit ourselves to agree with him. Privilege, in our opinion, would be a more comprehensive term, though we have no desire to rush in where Dr. Butler hesitates to tread, for he offers no substitute of his own.

Dr. Butler is inclined to admit that the present system "has not produced complete happiness, complete satisfaction, or complete justice for all men and women." He adds, however, that this incompleteness, these flies in the amber of our common lot, are due, not to the quality of our civilization, but to human nature. Our system, he explains, is based upon three things: productive industry, thrift and co-operation. It is, he declares, "the only system compatible with liberty," and "any collectivist alternative must sooner or later develop into a thoroughly organized and carefully ordered regime from which liberty is excluded, and in which every individual is formally assigned his place, shown his function, and given his reward by superior authority."

Some crotchety economists may rise to suggest that there are other basic factors in the present economic system besides productive industry, thrift and co-operation, but we ourselves have no desire to be captious. Suffice it that on the word of Dr. Butler all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds. We trust that his glowing words will bring cheer to those grain-farmers of the West who have found that, what with the various exactions of privilege in the form of a high tariff, swollen transportation-rates, and the rising overhead of rent, interest and taxes involved in a system of land-value monopoly, their wheat costs them more to raise per bushel than the price they can get for it. We trust also that Dr. Butler's happy summary will bring consolation to those coal-miners who are shepherded to the tipples by company-gunmen, who must purchase the necessities of life in company-owned stores, who dwell in company-owned communities, and who occupy company-owned homes from which they may be evicted, without court-proceedings, under leases which in some cases restrict their visitors to the moving-man, the doctor and the undertaker. This troglodytic element of our population is perhaps not sufficiently impressed with the fact that it lives under "the only economic system compatible with liberty."

In a mood of elevation from Dr. Butler's inspiring appraisal we turned expectantly to his second pamphlet. This bore the title "Can Men Learn?" and was a transcript of his address to the young idea delivered at the recent opening of the academic year at Columbia University. In the course of a few sentences we perceived that Dr. Butler had assumed an abrupt about-face from his position in the first pamphlet. He had become dismally low in his mind about our world with its perfect system of civilization, and he even



expressed scepticism about the educative capabilities of the human animal. Let us quote part of his relentless survey of these disjointed times:

Nations, otherwise impoverished, are still keeping in readiness great armies of trained soldiers and are diverting from agriculture, from industry, and from human relief, the huge sums needed to maintain them. Ingenuity and invention are at work upon poison-gases and upon airships that would devastate London or Paris or Rome or New York or Chicago in a few hours. Hundreds of thousands of men and women, once independent and self-supporting, are leaning upon the State—that is, upon their fellow-men—and other tens of thousands are demanding payments of public money—that is, money collected in taxes from others—as reward or recognition for the satisfactory performance of a simple act of public duty. The statute-books are being loaded down with mere expressions of opinion in the form of laws, usually criminal-laws, and then surprise is expressed that these expressions of opinion in the form of laws are not obeyed. . . . All Governments gravely profess their devotion to peace, but all feel that the time has not come to do anything about it. All Governments express a pious wish to limit armaments, but while the ink is hardly dry on the formal acts of ratification of the findings of the Washington Conference, great fleets of airships are building and new and more deadly forms of poison-gas are being devised. All Governments record a wish for international co-operation, but—

At this point we laid the two pamphlets side by side, while clouds of doubt began to loom on the horizon of our mind. Obviously this most perfect system of civilization that human ingenuity can devise, the system of Dr. Butler's first pamphlet, was hurling us all towards the demnition bowwows in his second pamphlet. It was more than a little puzzling. Possibly the disinterested friend or press-agent who had sent us the two pamphlets got his wires crossed somehow; for obviously, as things stood in the second pamphlet, Dr. Butler's high faith in the established order, as voiced in the first pamphlet, was ignominiously deflated. Yet, we further reflected, a shrewd philosopher has called consistency a bog of little minds. We recalled that the most conspicuous educator on Morningside Heights had once pilloried the late Colonel Roosevelt as a blatant demagogue and a menace to our most sacred institutions; and, a few years later, when death had miraculously transformed Colonel Roosevelt into one of the blessed company of saints of the social establishment, this same educator publicly eulogized him as our most worthy and valuable citizen. We recalled how this same eminent educator once hailed the German Kaiser as a veritable dove of peace and invoked the Nobel Prize for him; and, a few years later, when fashions had changed, how he publicly excoriated the Kaiser as the greatest criminal that had ever polluted the earth. Finally, as we thoughtfully dropped the two pamphlets together into a receptacle where the most naively diverse opinions become reconciled, we remembered Artemus Ward's partner in the show business, one Billson, who, when their troupe of eight tragedians and a bass-drum had a poor season with "The Drunkard, or the Falling Saved," suggested that they "give 'em some immoral dramy." When Artemus intimated that Billson had not a well-balanced mind, Billson indignantly denied the imputation. "'I have a mind,' says he, 'that balances in any direction that the public rekires.'"

## MISCELLANY.

It was inevitable, no doubt, that when Viscount Morley died, there should be a good deal of sickly talk about his being a great liberal. Yet hardly any career of recent

years shows more strikingly the vanity and inappropriateness of these stereotyped designations. Mr. Lloyd George is a great liberal; so is Mr. Asquith, Lord Birkenhead, Mr. Woodrow Wilson. In fact, if I were called upon to define the real, Simon-pure modern liberal, as I have known him in both hemispheres, I should say he is the man who is willing to do anything that he can justify plausibly. Viscount Morley, on the other hand, is chiefly distinguished for the things that he would not do under any circumstances, and would not attempt to justify. Political creeds and social philosophies had precious little to do with it; there were certain things that he would neither do nor countenance, because he was an honest and decent man. There is the real differentiation, and more should be made of it.

SOMETIME I think I shall ask the editors of the *Freeman* to let me write an article for them on the fine art of trimming, and on the dubious claims of our modern public men as artists. The subject has been dealt with often before, but the thing that brings it out for notice again just now is the desperate brazenness of trimming in these days. It used to be done with a little finesse and plausibility; there had to be some semblance of an idea behind it and of earnestness in its tone. But now no man in public life, apparently, dares to bring forth even an opinion, let alone anything as forceful as an idea, or propose a policy in anything like a tone of conviction or with any regard whatever for consistency. His public utterances are mere obscene postures of invitation to the electorate. Journalism, too, no longer does an artistic job in trimming. The time was when a paper shied at certain subjects perhaps, but had ideas and opinions about others and expressed them; whereas now they express none about anything. I heard the other day that one of our most prominent newspaper-owners never fails to give his editorial writers the daily caution, "Remember, now, no opinions!" The story may be gossip, but there is striking circumstantial evidence in its favour.

ONE public man, however, or quasi-public man, who so far has not done any trimming is Henry Ford. This makes him an interesting figure to me, not because I care two pins about his candidacy, but because I am refreshed by the novelty of honest utterance from a person who is being ever so remotely regarded for the Presidency. His recent interview in *Collier's* was not that of a candidate; he said what he thought and told why he thought it, apparently without hesitation or reserve. Would it not be odd if this honesty were the makeweight that tilted the balance of popular favour his way, as was the case with Golden Rule Jones? Jones used to tell the people of Toledo that he cared nothing about being mayor—indeed, that he would rather not be mayor—but if they wanted him, he would serve; that he belonged to no party, had no platform, and could make no promises except to do his best; and the people kept on returning him as long as he lived. It is quite possible that some day the national public will similarly, in blind reaction against the filthy lying chicanery of those who sue for its favours, take up with some man like Jones or Ford, merely because he has been candid with them, and plump him into the Presidency.

SINCE my few lines of two weeks ago in which I recommended a differentiation of religious truth from scientific truth, Professor Fagnani's interview has appeared in the *New York Herald*. It moves me to ask Professor Fagnani whether he thinks the time has not come for a brand-new apologetic, and whether he would not be pre-emi-



nently the person to formulate one—to do for this generation somewhat the kind of thing that Matthew Arnold did for the last. With my own mind's eye I can easily and pleasurably see Professor Fagnani going through the questions at issue between the fundamentalists and the liberals, and not only these but also a great many other questions that have not yet emerged into controversy; going through them, identifying the kind of truth implicit in each, and showing what its sanctions are. Could it not be rather easily shown that the truth of the doctrine of the Trinity, for instance, is purely scientific and that its sanctions are scientific and non-religious; so that in respect to religion there is nothing to choose between the positions of the bigoted Trinitarian and the bigoted Unitarian? It would seem that the author of the "Imitation" had an inkling of this when he asked, "What use is it to dispute and discourse about the nature of the Trinity, and lack humility, and thus displease the Trinity?"

JOURNEYMAN.

## POETRY.

### LOT'S WIFE.

He tried to coax and carry me.  
He never liked my merry ways.  
"Don't! Don't!" he said continually.  
And O! the crawling, empty days  
With no song but my spinning wheel,  
When Lot would smile on me and praise  
Submission and my industry;  
And never dream I hated him  
And longed to break my wheel and run  
And dance with Marduk in the sun,  
Praising a kinder god who knows  
How a girl's heart goes.

Here in this desert his god made  
I wait the world's end. On that day  
Lot will come back to me and say,  
"Even as I told you—" O, I know  
These righteous men! His speech will flow  
Over old pebbles, like some brook  
Seeking the sea too fast to look  
At the parched grass it does not touch.  
But my small hand will reach and clutch  
The first warm hand that seeks for it,  
Not his cool fingers! And my toes  
Will go the way a dancer knows.

There will be many like me then,  
Eager for laughter, crackling thorns  
That make the pot boil. When all's said  
It's so that men are fed.  
And O, to hear a song again!  
To touch a warm hand and to feel  
Wet grass under my heel!

And Lot will try to coax me then,  
And force me into Paradise.  
He'll watch me with reproachful eyes  
When I turn back to earth again,  
Asking not saints but fellow-men,  
Asking not heaven but youth again.  
I wonder if his god will leave  
Some fountain where bright willows grow,  
And a few violets to weave  
Into a garland? Lot will go  
Righteous as ever, calling down  
Avenging fire from heaven to drown  
Any unlike himself; but we—  
Earth-lovers—shall run free!

LOUISE DRISCOLL.

## BOLSHEVISM AND THE RUSSIAN JEWS.

THE assertion that the Russian Soviet Government is dominated by Jewish influence has become part of the regular stock-in-trade of European and American anti-Semitism. Deriving a certain measure of plausibility from the presence of a number of Jews among the Russian Communist leaders, this assertion has obtained some degree of credence, even in circles which are not ordinarily affected by anti-Semitic propaganda. In view of this circumstance it may perhaps be worth while to examine briefly and impartially the part which the Russian Jews have played in the Russian Revolution.

In the days of the Tsar the Jews, like practically all the non-Russian peoples within the frontiers of the Empire, were subjected to systematic persecution. They were forbidden to reside in many parts of Russia. They were forbidden to own land. Only a small percentage of Jewish students were admitted to the schools and universities. The authorities often incited the criminal elements in the population to pogroms, or outbursts of looting and murder directed against the Jews.

As a result of this persecution it was quite natural that many high-spirited and intelligent Jews, especially those of the younger generation, should throw themselves into the revolutionary movement and work for the overthrow of the Tsarist tyranny. This did not mean that any large number of Russian Jews before the Revolution belonged to the Bolshevik wing of the Social-Democratic party. All the groups that fought against the autocracy, the liberals as well as the socialists of various shades, stood on the democratic principle that all Russian citizens should have equal civic rights, without regard to race or religion. There is no evidence that there were proportionately more Jews among the Bolsheviki than among the other revolutionary parties. In fact, the indications, as will be pointed out later, are rather in the opposite direction.

The Revolution of March, 1917, which was brought about not by the Bolsheviki but by a combination of all liberal and socialist groups, swept away the former disabilities of the Jews and gave them full rights of citizenship. This action had the effect of removing the last trace of racial feeling from the attitude of the Jew toward the Revolution. From this time on he had no reason to feel himself shut out from the general current of Russian political life. His previous special grievance against the Government had been removed, and he could become a Bolshevik or a Menshevik, a Social Revolutionary or a Cadet, as his feelings dictated. The old antitheses between the hostile Russian Government and the Jews as an oppressed race had been destroyed, and a number of Jews participated actively in the democratic provisional Governments of Miliukov and Kerensky, which held power from March until November.

By no possible stretch of the imagination could the November Revolution, which swept the Bolsheviki into power, be ascribed to any special revolutionary agitation on the part of the Jews. Kerensky was overthrown by Russian peasants who wanted to seize the land, by Russian workers who wanted to seize the factories, by Russian soldiers who were tired of the war and wanted to stop fighting. The centres of the November Revolution were Moscow and Petrograd, cities in which Jews had not been permitted to live under the Tsarist regime. The forces that were most active in fighting against Kerensky, the Kronstadt sailors, the Petrograd and Moscow workers, the soldiers who had returned



from the front, were almost entirely made up of Slavic Russians.

It would be difficult, indeed, to prove that the Russian Jews, as a race, gained anything from the November Revolution. The Soviet Government, to be sure, did not revive the Tsarist discriminations and disabilities; but the sufferings which the Jews of southern Russia were compelled to undergo during the years of savage and embittered civil war which followed the Bolshevik *coup* exceeded anything that had been known in the worst days of Tsarist persecution. All the numerous insurgent anti-Soviet leaders in southern and south-western Russia, Denikin, Petlura, Makhno, Grigoriev, Balakovitch, etc., permitted or incited their followers to rob and kill the Jews. The result was a terrible series of pogroms all over the Ukraine. Some towns, such as Elisavetgrad, went through as many as ten pogroms. A large number of Jewish villages were completely wiped out of existence. Tens of thousands of men, women and children fell victims in these pogroms, and the surviving Jewish population was reduced to a state of the most extreme poverty and misery.

Furthermore, the Ukrainian Jews suffered acutely from the Soviet Government's original policy of suppressing all private trade. This policy bore with special severity on the predominantly Jewish towns and cities which had formerly served as trading centres for the surrounding agricultural region. Shops were closed, stocks of goods were confiscated, and the former merchants and traders found themselves without any legal means of livelihood. Eventually, under the pressure of economic necessity, this rigid policy was changed. Private trading is again permitted in Russia; but the Jew who engages in this form of activity is subjected to just as heavy taxation and to just as many risks as anyone else. He has certainly gained no economic privileges from the Revolution.

It will be seen from what has just been said that the November Revolution brought the Russian Jews, as a race, no positive benefits; on the contrary, the period of civil war and intervention which followed the seizure of power by the Bolsheviks devastated the Ukrainian Jewish communities with a fearful series of pogroms. It is true that the majority of the Russian Jews at the present time are inclined to support the Soviet Government on the ground that it at least maintains order and safeguards their lives; whereas a reactionary overturn might very well carry with it a renewal of the horrors of 1919. But it is a cruel mockery of their present misery and destitution to represent them as having in some mysterious way profited by the Bolshevik upheaval. Instead, they have endured more than their share of the sufferings that have fallen to the lot of the whole Russian people during the last few years. In travelling through the Ukraine one can hardly fail to be impressed by the atmosphere of hunted, careworn nervousness that one finds in the families which have escaped the pogroms. I met scarcely a single non-Communist Jew in Russia who was not eager to leave the country and go to America.

It may be argued that, while the Jews as a whole have suffered from the Revolution, the Soviet Government and the Russian Communist party are controlled by Jewish leaders. A little investigation will show that this assertion is loose, and unfounded in fact. The executive power in Russia, according to the Soviet Constitution, rests in the hands of the Council of Peoples' Commissars. In this Council of twenty members only two, Trotzky and the Commissar for Posts

and Telegraphs, are Jews. The actual power in Russia, so far as it is concentrated in any single body, is to be found in the Central Committee of the Communist party. This Committee consists of forty members, six of whom are Jews. It happens that six other members of the Committee are Georgians, members of a little State in the Caucasus; so the party is just as much subjected to Georgian influence as to Jewish influence. As a matter of fact, national and racial lines cut no figure with the Russian Communists. Such Bolshevik leaders as Trotzky and Kamenev, Zinoviev and Radek are Jews only by the accident of birth. They do not regard themselves as Jews, or even as Russians, but as international revolutionists, allied in sympathy with the Communists of all other countries. In their thoughts and actions they are not in the least influenced by racial feelings and sympathies.

It has been shown that the leading organizations of the Soviet Government and the Russian Communist party include only a small proportion of Jews. This is equally true of the rank and file of the Russian Communist party. The strongholds of Communism in Russia are the factories. The Marxian philosophy of the Bolsheviks was especially calculated to appeal to the industrial workers. One can bring forward many proofs to show that the Bolshevik propaganda attracted most of its adherents from the factories and workshops. In the first place, the industrial centres of Russia remained in the hands of the Communists throughout all the shifting fortunes of the civil war. The large Russian factories are mostly concentrated in Moscow, in Petrograd, and in a circle of industrial towns around Moscow. All these places remained loyal to the Soviet Government even at a time when the predominantly agricultural districts of Russia, such as Siberia and the Ukraine, were partially or completely overrun by the counter-revolutionists. This can be readily understood when one realizes that approximately ten per cent. of the Russian factory-workers are Communists; whereas the proportion of Communists in the whole Russian population is only about one in three hundred. Now before the Revolution very few Jews were employed in the Russian factories. Living mostly in the non-industrial towns and villages of the Ukraine, the Jews usually found occupation as farmers and handworkers, merchants and traders, or in the liberal professions. The numerical preponderance of industrial workers in the Russian Communist party is in itself a guaranty of the preponderance of Slavic Russians, and there is every reason to believe that this preponderance will be permanent. The party deliberately tries to attract workers in preference to all other applicants for membership. The party Constitution prescribes that every working-class candidate for admission shall pass through a probationary period of six months. This period is lengthened to one year for peasants, while intellectuals must wait two years before they can be admitted.

It is possible that some American visitors to Russia have been led to false conclusions by the relatively large number of Jews whom one finds in the Foreign Office, and in other Government institutions which have to deal with foreigners. The explanation for this, however, is quite simple. Before the Revolution, Jews emigrated from Russia in far greater number than Russians. As a result they are likely to be better linguists, and to receive preference in posts where a knowledge of foreign languages is essential. But if one goes beyond the Moscow officials, and studies the Communists as one finds them in trade-union meet-



ings, in factory-committees, and in Government administrative positions, it soon becomes clear that the majority of the party is recruited from the Russian factory-workers.

A point that is generally overlooked by the propagandists who attempt to establish some sort of identification between Bolshevism and Judaism is the number of prominent Russian anti-Bolshevik leaders who have also been Jews. A few names out of the great number that might be cited in this connexion will serve to illustrate this point. One of the most trenchant critics of the Bolshevik regime was the Menshevik L. Martov, who died in Germany last winter. Another prominent Menshevik leader, who was closely associated with Martov in his views, and who carried on constant agitation against Bolshevik tendencies among the European Social Democrats, was Dan. The mover of a strongly anti-Communist resolution in the Socialist Congress at Hamburg last spring was Abramovitch, formerly a prominent figure in the well-known Russian Jewish revolutionary organization, the *Bund*. Incidentally the *Bund*, through its representatives, vigorously opposed the Bolshevik seizure of power in 1917. Lieber, one of the outstanding Menshevik leaders of the Kerensky period, is now imprisoned in a concentration-camp in the Archangel district. Among the prisoners convicted by the Soviet Court on the occasion of the trial of the Social Revolutionists in the summer of 1922 was Gotz, who, as a member of the Central Committee of the Social Revolutionary party, played an active part in organizing the resistance to the Soviet power in 1917 and 1918. It is not only among the Socialist parties opposed to the Bolsheviks that one finds many Jewish leaders. Such figures as Vinaver, the well-known lawyer and constant participant in the counsels of the anti-Bolshevik Russian *émigrés*, and Hessen, the former Russian publicist, now one of the editors of the Berlin Russian anti-Bolshevik daily paper *Rul*, are only typical of the large number of Jews who were and are actively identified with the liberal political movement in Russia.

The effort to prove that the Jews are racially inclined to Bolshevism by citing the names of a few Jewish Communist leaders falls to pieces of its own absurdity. It would be just as reasonable to argue that the Jews are peculiarly hostile to Bolshevism by calling over the long list of anti-Soviet political leaders that includes Martov, Dan, Gotz, Lieber, Abramovitch, Hessen and Vinaver. As a matter of fact, Bolshevism is essentially an episode in the history not of the Jewish, but of the Russian people. It was the fierce outburst provoked by centuries of fierce oppression. The Jews who were active in Russian political life took sides for or against Bolshevism, not in response to any racial interests, but in accordance with their individual political and economic views. From its nature, as a revolutionary movement appealing primarily to the industrial working-class, Communism recruited the bulk of its adherents not from the Jews, but from the Russian factory-workers. If one leaves the realm of conjecture and prejudice and looks squarely at the facts of the case, it becomes clear that Jews do not dominate either the leadership or the rank and file of the Russian Communist party. It is equally clear that they have supplied proportionately quite as many leaders to the various anti-Bolshevik parties as to the Communists. Under these circumstances any attempt to represent the Russian Revolution as a Jewish conspiracy, or the Soviet Government as a Jewish cabal, can be dismissed as a gross distortion of the historical

facts, dictated either by ignorance or, what is worse, by malicious racial prejudices.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN.

### SEHNSUCHT IN GERMAN POETRY.

ONE never reads very far in German poetry without encountering a note of longing, mingled with regret, for past scenes swept away in the passing of time. These scenes are sometimes of early youth, but they are generally of childhood; of that time, corresponding to the dream of innocence which all races have had in their myths, when the proper business of life is not yet begun, when the world is still a picture, when neither work nor experience has commenced, and when everything is seen without its utilitarian content. The centre of these scenes is the home in which the child first awakens to the outward glory of the world; and it is a mark of the strength of this German longing and regret that there is hardly a German poet, great or minor, who has not written a poem about the *Heimat*, and, on that subject, written very well. The theme is one on which a minor poet in Germany rises to greatness, and a great poet is inspired to do his best work. For this feeling of mingled longing and regret, distinctively German, I can find no better name than the German word *Sehnsucht*, though that word is often used also with other and less restricted meanings.

It may be asked why a feeling so universal should be credited in particular to Germany, since there are everywhere men who regret their youth and childhood, and that regret has been expressed in all literatures. The fact is undeniable; yet there is no literature in which it appears so often and so inevitably as in German: and there is, moreover, a difference, easy to feel but hard to define, between this mood as it is expressed in German literature and the mood as it is expressed elsewhere; a difference justifying one in using a particular name for it. Here and there in English literature, and most frequently in that part of it which has been written by Scotsmen, one finds this mood; and in French literature, too, especially in the last hundred years, the Romantic century, there are not a few examples of it. But neither to the English, nor the Scottish, nor the French, poignantly as it expresses itself in their poetry, does it mean so much as to the Germans. None of their poets are so distinctively the poets of youth and childhood as Hölderlin or Heine or even Goethe. The certainty with which English poets especially have expressed from the earliest dawn of their literature, and in the pieces written in their youth, the emotions of maturity, strikes one, after however short a steeping in German literature, as almost astonishing. There is probably no English poetry of the first rank, aside from Wordsworth's "Ode" and passages throughout his other poems, in which poignant regret for the glory of man's first few years is uttered. There is Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," gracefully sentimental in the manner of its time, and Lamb's "The Old Familiar Faces"; but, I repeat, there is nothing outside Wordsworth of the first rank. Blake's poems of childhood are not in the category, for they are almost entirely without regret, as, indeed, all his poetry is. In Scottish literature there is Allan Cunningham's very fine lyric "Hame, hame, hame, hame, hame, fain wad I be," and there are a few passages in Burns. There is the exquisite verse, quoted with admiration by Matthew Arnold:



We twa ha'e paidilt i' the burn  
 Frae mornin' sun til dine;  
 But seas between us braid ha'e roared  
 Sin' auld lang syne,

and minor Scottish poetry is full of sentimental recollections of childhood. In French poetry, Baudelaire has a few passages of a true poignancy of regret for innocence, verses which are perhaps a little too much in his professional line; and Verlaine here and there exquisitely bewails time misspent, the forces of youth squandered on vice:

*Qu'as-tu fait, O toi que voilà  
 Pleurant sans cesse,  
 Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà  
 De ta jeunesse?*

Yet, great as these passages from Burns and Verlaine are, great as is Wordsworth's "Ode," what a difference there is between them and German poetry inspired by the same theme! The difference is not in intensity, nor in greatness; but, as I shall try to show, in attitude.

All criticism is an inquiry why, when we are confronted with a few lines of poetry, or with a work of art, these should strike our minds in a certain way; and criticism is therefore an inquiry into life, into the forces which move us and in moving us move also other men, human like ourselves. Thus, when we consider those lines from Verlaine, we find that what comes home to us is the tragedy of our lives as moral beings: the sense of opportunities lost; of impulses splendid and fresh going the wrong way and being perversely used for evil; of youth, when goodness shines with a lustre never to be recaptured, trivially wasted on vice. In the verse from Burns, what moves us is the sense of the vicissitude of human life, of things which seem for the moment stable, almost eternal, being broken up in the grinding processes of time. Both themes are as old as Ecclesiastes, as old as human life itself. But the *Sehnsucht* of the German poets is something different. It is a regret for the past, not because we should use it better if it were to return, but for itself. This regret is neither, as with Verlaine, a regret for missed opportunities, nor, as with Burns, a recognition of the unpredictable accidents which life brings. It is simply a realization that in growing up, in becoming more and more completely adapted to the world, we lose something which we prize more than the attainment of the limited perfection of manhood. This thing is not lost by a moral lapse of the individual; for whether one is good or bad one loses it. It is lost simply in the process of receding, by the force of years and of one's growth, from all that lies behind; and its cause is not in us as individuals, but in life itself. *Sehnsucht* is a sort of general, unconscious remorse for a sin general and inescapable, for which men in other times found the symbol of the Fall; it is remorse for the tragic division and imperfection of life. As such it is a protest against the processes of life, and against life's imperfection; for regret is a form of protest, a confession that things have not been as they should have been. When regret is complicated by longing, as it almost always is in German literature, by a longing to return where one was once before, it becomes all the more clearly a revolt against life, a battle against the irresistible power which carries us onward alike past scenes where we wish to linger, and those from which we desire to flee more swiftly than it can take us. True, it is a protest half-conscious; but, as one

may see by comparing any of its manifestations with the verses which I have quoted from Burns and Verlaine, it is nevertheless a protest. For in these verses, because there is a recognition that the processes of life are as they are, there is regret, but there is of necessity no longing; whereas longing is even stronger than regret in German poetry of this kind. On the other hand, simply because it is half-conscious, the rebellion of German poetry is not so heroic, Promethean, Satanic—call it what you will—as it is in writers such as Baudelaire, who rebel deliberately. All German lyrical poetry lives too purely in the realm of feeling to become a conscious challenge to a system so complicated, and so incapable of being apprehended without a great deal of help from the intellect, as life. Every poet of denial in modern times has been, and of necessity, almost as essentially a philosopher as a poet; and some, such as Baudelaire and Poe, have possessed intellects of almost inhuman detachment. This union of intellect and emotion is not to be found in German poetry; or rather where it is found, the poetry either becomes bad or ceases to be poetry at all, sliding into a neutral zone between prose and poetry, and producing unique things like "Also sprach Zarathustra," and some of the passages of Jean Paul. There is no Donne, no Baudelaire, in German poetry; and it is difficult to imagine that there should be, for that poetry is almost entirely a poetry of pure imagination bounded by subjective feeling.

Possessing neither that acceptance of life as it is which is expressed in these passages from Burns and Verlaine, and which one may call classical, nor that rebellion against life as it is which one finds in Baudelaire and with more measure and truth in Leopardi, and which, from the opposite side, one may also call classical, the German poetry of *Sehnsucht* nevertheless possesses qualities which entitle it to the highest position in lyrical utterance. Compared with any other poetry of modern times, it is infinitely less conscious. Even Goethe, the most conscious of all the Germans, spoke of his dæmon in a way in which we can not imagine any French poet or any English poet speaking except Blake, a spirit of a very different type. Compared with the poetry of other peoples, then, German poetry is infinitely more unconscious; it is almost exclusively a thing of pure personal imagination conditioned by subjective feeling. But from this unconsciousness, this absence of an intellectual grasp of the world, has come the poetic dreaminess of German lyrics, and also the poignancy of the emotion they express, which is emotion and nothing else. This is what makes possible the mood not merely of regret, but of longing, for the past; for once the process of life is seen to be what it is, and thus seen, is accepted (for there is nothing else to be done), longing for the past is eliminated, whether we desire it or not, from the category of emotions which can be felt so unconditionally that they can be expressed in art. They still remain, for as long as men remember past scenes with pleasure there will be longing in their remembrance, and this longing will be genuine; but their view of life, inexorable as a command, will make it impossible for them to express it. Now it is the distinctive mark of German poetry that it can express this. By its innocence—and innocence consists in not knowing the world and oneself, and in not having adapted the one to the other—it is capable of expressing emotions which we feel under our crust of experience, but of which experience has made us almost unconscious, so that we are aware of them only when they are evoked



from outside. In evoking them poetry enriches our spirit. We are never depressed, but rather emotionally emancipated, by Walther von der Vogelweide's "Elegie," by Rückert's "Aus der Jugendzeit," and by the four imperishable lyrics of regret in Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." These poems release in us an emotion held captive more securely perhaps than any other behind the fastnesses of our conscious life, and in doing so give us a correspondingly great feeling of liberty.

Yet it may be said that, comprehensible as it is that poetry of this kind should move us, it is more hard to explain, since the goal of life is the attainment of a more complete consciousness of ourselves and of the world, why we should recognize it to be great poetry, as we must needs do. It is great because, spoken out of innocence rather than experience, it utters a truth which is eternal and universal. But that truth, which we feel completely and, as it were, inevitably in reading this poetry, it is difficult to define, for it is a truth which, when we pursue it, becomes transcendental. The scenes, symbolical of childhood, brought before us by Walther and by Goethe, are in reality scenes not in this world, or at any rate, with a light not of this world. The poetry of *Sehnsucht* is an attempt to seize, in recollection, moments when a more than human happiness came to the earth; those moments, perfectly real, indeed more real than the others, of which Wordsworth in his "Ode" has spoken more clearly than any other poet, and in which we seem not only to perceive the world of immortal life lying around us, but for a moment to live in it. *Sehnsucht*, then, is the longing for these moments, and the recognition of them as the greatest that life can give us, mighty enough in their brief duration to make us thankfully accept all life. It is the emotion correlative to the æsthetic view which Jesus stated in the words: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and no man knoweth whence it cometh or whither it goeth." But side by side with the memory of these high moments, there is awakened in the poet a sense of the imperfection and pathos of a life in which, having known such moments, he can not live in them constantly; and this sense, also, is strong in German poetry. These two antithetical yet complementary emotions, and the intensity with which they are felt, are what separate German poetry most decisively from poetry in the classical tradition. In the classical poetry of the world, a great attempt is made to apprehend both sides of life equally, resigning oneself to an irremediable imperfection, and in doing so accepting life for what it is. In German poetry, on the other hand, both sides are expressed with equal force, with no attempt to find a mean; but with an acceptance, unperused, of the mystery. The mystery is therefore in a sense the core, the point of reference, of German poetry, just as in classical poetry it is an acquired, traditional, and consciously held knowledge of the world. Goethe attempted to go beyond the familiar province of the German genius and to make himself deliberately a classicist; but in his classical dramas one feels that, in spite of a marvellous sense of form and a complete temper for the task, he never managed to capture the content which would have been found naturally in such works had they been written by a man of equal genius but of a different nationality. And it was not the limits of his own genius, but the character of the national genius itself, which here brought him up short. For the question is not whether German poetry is a poetry adapted to the world, but

whether it has ever desired or shall ever desire to be so.

The entertainment of such an idea is a heresy against classical culture; but let us admit that it is a great heresy, and one of which only a profound people could be capable. It is great, for it touches indirectly, and therefore perhaps the more powerfully and infallibly, the question of all religion, whether man is a being who can ever be entirely adapted to the world as it is. There was an enthusiasm at one time in German literature, an enthusiasm now become old-fashioned, for the "inner" world with all its riches, its inexhaustibility, as against the "outer" world, so relatively shallow and poor; an enthusiasm which flew over all Europe, reaching Carlyle in England and Emerson in America. Nietzsche, endeavouring to bring Germany prematurely into line with classical culture, fought against the division of life into an "inner" and an "outer"; yet this division is perhaps an essential element of the German genius, and one of the most valuable things which she has given the world. "It is our spirit, which shows itself more or less clearly," said Tolstoy to Goldenweiser, "that contains the progress of man's temporary existence." The manifestation of the spirit more and more freely, not knowledge of the world and adaptation to it, was progress, according to Tolstoy; and it is also the German conception of progress, lying at the root of its division of life into the "inner" and the "external" and determining its preference for the former. It will be said, and it is true, that this attitude does not take us far, however fine it may seem; for the world remains a stubborn fact, and adapt ourselves to it we must, in one way or another. But on the other hand, there are more ways than one of being adapted to the world. Nietzsche, an incarnation of the perplexity and anger of Germany faced with the modern world, raised the question; and although the answer he gave was as little practical as could be imagined, he was a sign that Germany had begun to see the possibility of an adaptation to the world in a new way, the creation of a civilization different from the classical civilization and also from the mechanical life of action and reaction which has supervened on its decay in Europe. Whether this is possible is a grand question which before the event will be answered differently by the realists and idealists. At any rate, one feels that anything, a calamitous error, a great truth, may come out of a people who think in this way; and this is what makes Germany so truly interesting, and in some ways, in spite of a temporary pessimism, so inspiring.

EDWIN MUIR.

#### JEFFERSON AND THE PHYSIOCRATS.

No one was more enamoured of the abstract justice upon which the Physiocrats founded their cult than Thomas Jefferson. As early as 1770, while arguing a case in the Virginia courts, Jefferson appealed to the only authority recognized by the French economists. "Under the law of nature [he said] all men are born free, every one comes into the world with the right to his own person, which includes the liberty of moving and using it at his own will. That is what is called personal liberty, and is given him by the author of nature, because necessary for his own sustenance."

These convictions, which form the kernel of libertarian political economy, were nourished by treatises imported from the other side of the water. Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" Jefferson recommended as the best book extant on the subject, adding that



there were also some excellent books of theory written by Turgot and the economists of France. Some of these economists became his personal friends. The Abbé Morellet translated his "Notes on Virginia" into French, and the indefatigable Dupont de Nemours was the means of supplying him with discussions of the philosophy of Quesnay. Jefferson sends a work by Dupont to James Madison, recommending it for its excellent principles and observations. To the same correspondent he writes from Paris in 1789, forwarding two proposals for a declaration of rights, one of them written by a member of "the sect called Economists, of which Turgot was considered the head."

Letters from Dupont on the subject of taxes Jefferson praises for a logic and eloquence "which mark everything coming from you, and place the doctrines of the Economists in their strongest points of view." Again he says, apropos of a discussion of the moral principles on which government should be administered: "I meet you there in all the benevolence and rectitude of your native character; and I love myself always most when I concur most with you." He agrees in believing, he adds,

that morality, compassion, generosity, are innate elements of the human constitution; that there exists a right independent of force; that a right to property is founded in our natural wants, in the means with which we are endowed to satisfy these wants, and the right to what we acquire by those means without violating the similar rights of other sensible beings; that no one has a right to obstruct another, exercising his faculties innocently for the relief of sensibilities made a part of his nature; that justice is the fundamental law of society; that the majority, oppressing an individual, is guilty of a crime, abuses its strength, and by acting on the law of the strongest breaks up the foundations of society.

In commenting to a friend on a manuscript of Dupont's, Jefferson remarks that the legislators are not sufficiently informed of the rightful limits of their power. It is their true office, he says, to declare and enforce natural rights and duties, not to cancel or distort them. When they see justice done as between man and man they have fulfilled their functions. The idea is unfounded, he asserts, that men upon entering society give up any natural right. Rather do they resort to government to secure their just rights, though without conspicuous success, one might add. His observation of the Indians led him to the conclusion that "societies which live without government enjoy in their general mass an infinitely greater degree of happiness than those who live under European governments," where society appeared to him to be divided into two classes, wolves and sheep; the governors preying on the governed, the rich on the poor.

Though he deemed civil government necessary for procuring safety and happiness to men collected in large societies,

yet such is the proneness [he says] of those to whom its powers are necessarily deputed to pervert them to the attainment of personal wealth and dominion and to the utter oppression of their fellow-men, that it has become questionable whether the condition of our aboriginal neighbours, who live without laws or magistracies, be not preferable to that of the great mass of the nations of the earth who feel their laws and magistrates but in the weight of their burdens.

He noted the tendency of Governments to invade the rights of thinking, and of publishing one's thoughts by speaking and writing; the right of free commerce, and the right of personal freedom. This tendency he regarded as a "gangrene which sooner than many are aware may reach the vitals of our political existence."

Like Turgot, Jefferson was fond of stating moral principles in his official papers. In his first inaugural address in 1801, he defines the ideal Government as wise and frugal, restraining men from injuring one another, but leaving them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and refraining from robbing labour of the bread it has earned. "Agriculture, manufacture, commerce, navigation, the four pillars of our prosperity [he said], are the most thriving when left most free to individual exercise." Again he says, in a message to Congress, that sound principles will not justify taxing the industry of the people to accumulate a fund for war-preparation which will offer the greatest temptation to indulge in wars. On the contrary, it is important to reduce taxation because of the "natural tendency to multiply offices and dependencies, and to increase expense to the ultimate term of burden which the citizen can bear," leaving labour the smallest portion of its earnings on which it can subsist. In his second inaugural address, he refers to taxes which, "covering our land with officers, and opening our doors to their intrusions, had already begun that process of domiciliary vexation which, once entered, is scarcely to be restrained from reaching successively every article of produce and property."

But if taxation was to be kept within rational bounds, and independence preserved, the rulers should be prevented from loading the country with perpetual debt. Otherwise, he said (and we know how truly), "we must be taxed in our meat and in our drink, in our necessities and our comforts, in our labours and our amusements, for our callings and our creeds," like the impoverished people of England who laboured sixteen hours in the twenty-four and gave the earnings of fifteen of these to the Government, living themselves on oatmeal and potatoes, with no time to think and no means of calling the mismanagers to account. He characterized the rulers and the people as pikes and gudgeons, "the latter bred merely as food for the former."

Explaining his aversion to national debts, Jefferson pointed out that "the will and the power of man expire with his life, by nature's law." One generation has no more right to bind another generation, he maintained, than it has to bind the inhabitants of another country. If a father can not alienate the labour of his son, the aggregate body of fathers ought not to alienate the labour of all their sons, of their posterity, "and oblige them to pay for all the enterprises, just or unjust, profitable or ruinous, into which our vices, our passions, or our personal interests may lead us." Public debts, therefore, ought to be limited so as not to extend beyond the lives of the adult generation contracting them, "every generation coming equally, by the laws of the Creator of the world, to the free possession of the earth he made for their subsistence, unencumbered by their predecessors, who, like them, were but tenants for life."

Writing from Paris in 1789 to James Madison, Jefferson developed the idea that one generation can not rightly bind another, stimulated, he says, by "the course of reflection in which we are immersed here on the elementary principles of society." He begins with the self-evident proposition "that the earth belongs in usufruct to the living," and that the dead have neither powers nor rights over it, the portion of any individual reverting to society at his death. Reckoning the life of an adult generation at nineteen years, he concludes that the Government should not incur debts extending beyond this limit. It also follows from the premises



that "no society can make a perpetual Constitution, or even a perpetual law." Constitutions and laws would naturally expire at the end of nineteen years, unless kept alive by force and not by right. A law of limited duration he regarded as better than one that needs to be repealed, because of the difficulties put in the way of an expression of the popular will. "The people can not assemble themselves; their representation is unequal and vicious. Various checks are opposed to every legislative proposition. Factions get possession of the public councils. Bribery corrupts them. Personal interests lead them astray from the general interests of their constituents; and other impediments arise."

The principle that the earth belongs to all men living on it has wide consequences. Among other things, "it renders the question of reimbursement a question of generosity and not of right." Where exemptions have been granted to churches, hospitals, colleges, and to landowners for whatever purpose, the legislature of the day would have jurisdiction for its own time only; and the present holders, "even where they or their ancestors have purchased, are in the case of *bona fide* purchasers of what the seller had no right to convey." No law which ignores the equal rights of all men can have the sanction of nature, or hope to be lasting. Struck by the poverty in rural France, Jefferson wrote: "Whenever there is in any country uncultivated lands and unemployed poor, it is clear that the laws of property have been so far extended as to violate natural right." The earth is given as a common stock for man to labour and to live on. If some men are ousted without being given equivalent employment, "the fundamental right to labour the earth returns to the unemployed."

An important corollary to the law of equal rights is freedom to move about at pleasure and choose a domicile. Among the notes for Jefferson's first annual message is the following argument: "Every man has a right to live somewhere, no one society has a greater right than another to exclude him." He must conform to the established rules, but the majority has no right to subject him to unequal rules, to rules from which they exempt themselves. The theory was applied to making easier the regulation of citizenship. "Shall we [asked Jefferson] refuse the unhappy fugitives from distress that hospitality which the savages of the wilderness extended to our fathers arriving in this land?"

Jefferson shared with the French economists the feeling that there was something primal and innocent in farming, and he laid to the growth of manufacture the corruption of the cities. He realized, however, that persons engaged in manufacture could not be reduced to the abject condition of European factory-hands "as long as there are vacant lands for them to resort to." It was owing to the abundance of cheap land, he told D  meunier, that "labour indeed is dear here, but rents are low and on the whole a reasonable profit and comfortable subsistence results."

Writing to Dupont in 1811, Jefferson excused the existing tax on imports because it seemed to fall exclusively upon the rich. In the early days of the Republic it was regarded as a benevolent plan to have all the amenities of civilized life provided for the farmer free of charge, and it was easy to overlook the probable consequences of a bad principle once fairly established. Although he retained a strong respect for general principles, Jefferson did not escape the statesman's absorption in the details of party-warfare and political expediency. Sensitive to the bitter tongues of his critics, he reserved his innermost

thoughts for private discussion during his later years. But his eloquent defence of freedom as a basis for human intercourse remained his settled philosophy, and was, in part at least, a tribute to the influence of the French economists with whom the doctrine of liberation is especially associated.

FRANK W. GARRISON.

### THE IMPORTANCE OF DIDO.

SHE let him get away. The tragedy of Dido is in that aspect of her case. It was all her own fault. Virgil resembled Charles Dickens in his incapacity to portray a gentleman in Thackeray's fine manner, but the hero of the *Æneid* is the dirtiest blackguard in literature. And still it was all Dido's fault. That really accounts for her immediate importance.

An exquisite appreciation of the style of Virgil by that gifted scholar, H. M. Stephenson, happens to characterize Dido herself as well. What arrests us in the form of Virgil's verse, declares Mr. Stephenson, is "its fullness and richness, its weight and solidity"; what he terms, borrowing a metaphor from the wine when it is red, "the full-bodied quality of it." All these things—the fullness, the richness, the weight, the solidity, the full-bodied quality—are characteristics of Dido personally.

She makes one think of the British matron in that aspect which prompted Mr. E. V. Lucas to write that her decisions—the British matron's, not Dido's—spring fully-armed from her brain. "She knows not only everything but herself too—she has no doubts." But there is another aspect of Dido which puts her in a class with the most famous of all the heroines of Anthony Trollope—that Lily Dale who was jilted by a snob, that Lily Dale who could not consume herself upon a pyre funereal, but had to do what we poor moderns must—go on living. How the Victorians wept over Lily Dale, well as they realized that she too, like Dido, should never have let the man get away! Sweet she was; a lady, good and affectionate; yet Lily Dale was like Dido in the inadequacy of her femininity, or the mar would not have got away.

If the man gets away it is the woman's fault—it is her treason to the State—and the subject is merely obscured by denouncing him as a cad and a snob, although *Æneas* was all that and worse. The fullness, the richness, the weight and the solidity of the form of Virgil's verse have sheltered him too long from our contempt. In the London and New York of to-day he would have been avoided at his club, he would have lost caste for conduct unbecoming a gentleman. School-editions of Virgil do not point this out to the youth of the land, and are often thus responsible for a dangerous misconception of both *Æneas* and Dido among high-school girls.

It is the social function of woman, in an affair of the kind which makes the career of the Queen of Carthage so important to us in our disintegrated age, to find her man; to hold her man when she has found him; to bring him into subjection, not to herself but to sound institutions. That is society's concern in a good woman's love for even the worst of men, and good women have a fatal propensity for loving the worst of men. The modern woman thinks it is her pride which rebels against the discharge of a function so feminine as the pursuit and capture of a bad man. Dido did not thus deceive herself, for Dido knew that if she had proved adequately feminine *Æneas* could never have got off like that. She took refuge in suicide; and suicide, as Webster so finely says, is confession.

No poet, not even Euripides in the ancient world nor Shakespeare among the moderns, compares with Virgil in throwing this flood of light upon the true nature of the sex-duel that ends in marriage. The author of the *Æneid*



must have had his experiences, as the French say. He must have known all the agonies of marriage. He must have taken his liberties with the true story of Dido for a purpose of his own. Euripides took liberties with Greek mythology because he was a martyr to marriage. But Virgil cherished no modern illusions.

The supreme modern illusion may be described as an erroneous inference from the martyrdom of marriage; a mistaken idea that since marriage is a tragedy, it can be modified sufficiently to be rendered less *Æschylean* in its climaxes and less *Sophoclean* in its woes. Virgil, being an ancient man, permitted himself no modern intellectual weaknesses of that sort. His *Æneas* gets away from his Dido, indeed; but Virgil lets us see that his *Æneas* does not get away from marriage. No man who really matters ever gets away from marriage, although now and then he gets away from Dido.

We begin to see now why there is something so remorseless in the treatment of Dido by Virgil as well as by *Æneas*. We must be made to understand that had she been adequately feminine, *Æneas* would have been held. He would have had to stick it out after getting one foot in the trap, as he did. The man never lived who could get away from a truly feminine woman. Virgil lets us see that, too. The inadequacy of the masculinity of *Æneas* is shown by the cowardice of his flight—blaming it all on fate as weak men will—but the source of the catastrophe was the inadequacy of the feminine in Dido. She bungles so badly that one is tempted to suspect there must have been something modern about her.

It is no excuse for Dido to point out that *Æneas* got away only because a goddess aided him. Dido had her own gods to shriek to, and well she shrieked. There are things which even the most benevolent of divinities will not do for the humblest suppliant. The most devout of suppliants must help himself, bring all his faculties to a consummation of his purpose. *Æneas* used his masculinity ruthlessly to foil the woman who had marked him for her own; but we must remember that Dido used her femininity no less remorselessly to capture him. The femininity was inadequate—just as we might note respecting a poet's genius that it is inadequate to his ambition. An inadequate femininity—that is the unsuspected source of the failure of modern woman.

Even Doctor Dryasdust ought to see what Virgil was driving at in modifying the true tale of Dido. He did not, as Doctor Dryasdust imagines, want to flatter the pride of the Romans. Virgil wants us to comprehend what femininity signifies. Femininity is that quality which enables a woman to "get," as the police would say, the man she loves, while masculinity is the quality enabling a man, despite every wile, to hold her aloof. If the woman wins—Virgil makes this so exquisitely obvious—there is a marriage. If the man wins there is a tragedy.

The spiritual insight of the Roman poet here is so keen that one wonders if ever he had seen a book of the Hebrew prophets. Virgil measures the catastrophe of Dido with such accuracy! The foundation of Rome, the growth of Carthage, the Punic wars, the gloomy speeches of Cato to the conscript fathers, the Hannibalian campaigns—all ensued because that woman let that man get away from her. It is the voice of history authenticating the tragedy implicit and inevitable in every marriage.

The modern mind misses all this because it is too sensitive to the tragedy of marriage and too oblivious of its function. A great physician has written impressively regarding the unspeakable suffering imposed upon mankind by the erectness of its attitude in walking. We should be ever so much more robust if we went about on all fours. Nevertheless, we continue to be bipeds. We

do not walk erect to please ourselves particularly. It has become our duty to society. In precisely the same spirit and from exactly the same motive, women become wives however wretched, and men become husbands however weak. The modern blunder resides in the scrutiny of marriage as an institution from a standpoint that is purely personal.

The accuracy of the vision of *Æneas* in detecting the ineluctability of marriage is what gave him his enormous advantage over the modern man. Marriage, he well knew, is the specialty of woman. She must be its sponsor, its patroness, its protector, regardless of her individual pride. A woman does not insist upon marriage for her own sake any more than she remains a biped for her own sake. We are told a great deal about the enormous physiological price a woman has still to pay for her right to walk erect; but the price she pays for marriage is even more exorbitant. She remains a biped because she is proud, but she becomes a wife for the sake of the children.

Once we get this point of view, *Æneas* is rendered less glorious than he seems to Doctor Dryasdust. It was perfectly legitimate in the hero of the *Æneid* to get away if he could do it like a gentleman. That is always the man's difficulty—to get away like a gentleman. Dido began so diabolically cleverly. The game seemed to be in her hands when *Æneas* was driven to those shores of hers. He knew and she knew that as the woman in the case it was the business of Dido to do the trapping, to let no false pride stand in the way. As far as marriage was concerned, Dido was out less for herself than for Carthage.

The truly feminine woman knows that in marrying the man she loves, she does as much for society as she does for herself. Dido put her pride in her pocket for the sake of the Carthaginians. She took the initiative with *Æneas* as every truly feminine woman does in effecting the capture of the man she loves. Doubtless the thing should be managed more tactfully than Dido contrived, by getting lost with *Æneas* in the woods. She wore her heart upon her sleeve.

Doctor Dryasdust argues in some editions of Virgil that Dido ought to have dissembled her love. She should not have taken so much for granted. This is to judge the truly feminine woman of the ancient world from the standpoint of the defeminized woman of the modern world. Our own age, we must remember, seldom sees anything truly feminine outside of a hospital, a jail, an almshouse or a lunatic asylum. The truly feminine woman nowadays is liable to be arrested. Nothing is so hateful to the modern woman as the truly feminine—an inferiority-complex, this! All modern women are in a conspiracy against the eternal feminine, which is the truly feminine. Hence our misunderstanding and neglect of Dido. The modern woman is taught that Dido killed herself for *Æneas*, whereas she committed suicide because she had failed in life.

Dido, being a woman all over, had to have a confidant. She must tell all—not for the sake of telling it, but for the sake of getting the kind of advice she wanted. We are told by men who misunderstand women that they lean heavily upon a manly adviser. Nonsense! A woman takes no advice from any man unless it be just the advice she wants. That is for the purpose of throwing all the responsibility upon him when things go wrong. Dido knew that no man in Carthage would advise her to marry *Æneas*.

She turned to her sister. Anna gave Dido what Dido wanted. Anna understood. Dido loved the man. Pursue him! Capture him! That is the advice a Dido always gets from an Anna, because no Dido will listen to advice from anyone but an Anna. Here once more



Virgil reveals his insight into all that is most feminine. A contemporary poet sees so little that is feminine in the women about him that he is psychologically all wrong. He never rings true when his Dido runs after his Æneas. Tennyson is preposterously artificial in this sort of thing, although he seemed to the Victorians the poet for lovers; but Browning understood a Dido, as we say, down to the ground. Browning knew his Virgil and he had saturated his mind with Greek studies, whereas Tennyson really only trifled with the classics.

The absence of any consciousness of personal humiliation in Dido, once she starts her pursuit of Æneas, is again feminine in the genuine, sublime, ancient acceptance of this rare trait. To the modern woman Dido seems a bold thing. Dido felt that she was simply founding Carthage upon the solid rock of matrimony. A truly feminine woman always looks at duty through the eye of love. That is what love, she thinks, is for. The Dido who loves an Æneas must never be too proud to pursue him—discreetly. He may earn but twenty dollars a week and she may be drawing a salary of nine thousand dollars a year. That matters not at all. Æneas had nothing much beyond his clothes (the ships belonged to his men) when he got to Carthage. Dido had the revenues of a queen.

Doctor Dryasdust must not mislead us here with the idea that there was anything masculine in Dido. We have all been brought up on Weininger and Freud and the researches of Havelock Ellis and the Germans. Hence we are too accustomed to the idea that in every man there is something feminine and in every woman something masculine. Indeed, an important school of religious thought seems wedded to the theory that on the spiritual plane we are all hermaphrodites. This is to forget that the eternal feminine can not be imprisoned within the physiological limits of anything merely masculine. The capacity to be feminine is the rarest of all forms of genius, and very few women manifest the gift adequately. The men who in our day flatter themselves that there is something feminine in themselves are the grossest of all libels on womanhood.

The inadequacy of the feminine in Dido, then, led to her catastrophe. She did not divine, as she ought, the strength of the man's masculine dread of marriage. It is the old story. Æneas was eligible, and the eligible man is always afraid to get married. The eligible man must be made to marry; this is the function of the feminine. Once he is married the man must be subdued to the function of the masculine—that of the husband. This involves an evolution into fatherhood.

Such was the "game" to Dido. It is all there ever was in marriage. It implies that the woman must be what we now so characteristically call a "go-getter." Had Dido been altogether feminine she would have proved a go-getter. Go-get or die; this is the alternative always to the truly feminine element. The Victorians understood it all so much better than we do.

If we grasp the nature of the flaw in Dido, accordingly, we may comprehend the modern woman a little. The trouble with Dido is difficult to state delicately. It seems cruel even to set it down. Dido was not a perfect lady. No truly feminine woman ever stoops to that folly which forces her to learn too late, in Goldsmith's phrase, that men betray. The truly feminine woman has the soundness of instinct which keeps her from learning this terrible truth too late, even if she must learn it with tears. It is the whole secret of the inadequacy of Dido. Thus the indictment of the modern woman as inadequately feminine in Dido's pagan fashion is extremely serious. For Dido permitted Æneas to compromise her, and a woman who lets a man do that is a fool.

ALEXANDER HARVEY.

## THE WIVES OF KING SOLOMON.

### IX. HIS FIRST VICTORY OVER ADONIJAH.

On the seventeenth day of his flight before Absalom his son, David came to Mahanaim; and Shobi son of Nahash of Rabbah of the children of Ammon, and Machir son of Ammiel of Lo-debar, and Barzillai the Gileadite of Rogelim, brought beds and basins and earthen vessels; and wheat and barley and meal and parched corn and beans and lentils and parched pulse, and honey and butter and sheep and cheese of kine they brought as food for David and his people; for the wanderers must be hungry and wearied and thirsty in the desert, they said among themselves.

And Barzillai was an aged man of eighty years, and a noble man. And he stood high in the favour of King David because he had troubled himself to come forth and bring with him all things needful. Wherefore the King received him royally, seated him at his side, and presented before him his entire household, all his wives and children.

There came forth Chileab the son of Abigail, and Adonijah the son of Haggith, and Shephatiah the son of Abital, and Ithream the son of Eglah, and all his other sons. When Solomon stepped forth, David bent low to the ear of the aged man and murmured something. Long and keenly did Barzillai then regard the son of Bathsheba. None knew what the King had told him, but to Solomon it seemed that he had read the words from the lips of his father. And he knew that David had disclosed to the noble elder who would be King after him, and he exulted.

And Barzillai had brought with him his youngest grandchild, who had desired to see the King and all his family. And because he loved her beyond all his other grandchildren, he had done her will and taken her with him. And he had jested with her and laughingly had said, "Well do I know why you wish to go with me. You want to choose your love among the King's sons, to take to yourself a husband from amongst the princes. But they will not even glance at you, and if they should catch a glimpse of you they will turn away. For your face is like the face of a goat, and your figure like a crooked stick."

Thus the old man had jested and bantered with his grandchild. But she knew that she was beautiful, and had spent never a thought upon the King's sons. But because her grandfather had recalled them to her mind, she had plied him with questions along the whole way: Had he ever seen them; and were there very many; and what were all their names; and were they comely?

And as she now watched them pass before her grandfather, her eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed. Tall were they all as the cedars of Lebanon, and handsome. But when Adonijah son of Haggith passed before her, she held her breath and long gazed after him.

This captured the attention of Solomon and he felt injured. He had no fancy for the maiden, for when he had glimpsed her he had paid no further heed to her. But the gaze which she could not turn from Adonijah aroused his envy. Adonijah was handsome indeed, but in the presence of Solomon all other sons of the King were as naught. Who were they compared with him, and how could they presume to vie with him? Very haughty was he, this coming king of Judea and Israel. And in his jealousy and affronted pride he determined that Adonijah should not be victorious. So when Barzillai arose and left, he followed him and asked of him his grandchild in marriage.

The aged Barzillai trembled and wellnigh sank to his knees. "Who am I," he stammered, "that the son of David should ask to become my kin? Am I worthy that he of all his sons who shall—?"



But Solomon arrested his speech and besought him not to give utterance to the words that were then on his tongue.

Yet the maiden understood what her grandfather had wanted to say and almost burst into a shout. Though at first Solomon's offer had frightened her, for her thoughts had still dwelt with Adonijah, she now completely forgot the comely son of Haggith. She was overcome by the thought that the son of David who would be king after him desired her for his wife. And thus it was that Solomon triumphed over Adonijah.

And Avia, first wife of Solomon, said to her, "He made you his wife, yet he will never forget the gaze that you bestowed upon Adonijah. That is a wound that does not heal in man."

DAVID PINSKI.

(Translated from the Yiddish by Anna K. Pinski.)

## AN UP-STATE ANTHOLOGY.

### V.

TOWARD the end of the summer just now finished, the village harboured for a time a veritable caricature of a man—a gargoye, a grotesque, whose presence first became known to me when I discovered him wandering about the cemetery, note-book in hand, upon some business of his own. If there had been a November wind abroad and a half-moon in the sky, I should have been ready to swear that the stranger flapped from one mound to the next; but as it was, his coat-tails hung limply down about a pair of long legs that maintained a normal contact with the ground. Anciently, his clothing had been black, but the colour was now somewhat rusted out, and the trousers were powdered half way to the knees with the dust of some long highway. The stranger's felt hat followed the colour of his coat, and his lean and solemn face had been done over by the sun to match his dust-covered shoes. He carried about with him a large case covered with black oil-cloth, and occasionally, when the heat made special demands upon him, he paused to wipe his forehead with an extensive black-bordered handkerchief. All around him there were old gravestones now falling into decay, themselves only less impermanent than the lives they had been raised to commemorate. The willow-trees in crumbling relief, the bodyless cherubs with wings sprouting from behind their ears, the inscriptions with their recurrent admonition:

Behold and see as you pass by,  
As you are now so once was I,  
As I am now so you must be;  
Prepare for death, and follow me—

all these things lay outside the circle of the stranger's interest. As he paused now and again to make a notation in his book, it became evident that he was preoccupied exclusively with the more recent intimations of mortality; and indeed I had the feeling that he would have been disappointed if such intimations had not offered themselves in plenty.

For want of a more exigent employment, I settled myself in a comfortable spot on the cemetery-wall, and waited to see what would happen next. Presently the stranger finished his note-taking and walked out into the highway. At the first post-box beside the road, he paused to read the name and to consult his note-book, and then he turned in at Captain John Birkett's gate and made for the front door. A moment later he entered the house, and I had about decided to go home, when he suddenly reappeared, with Captain Birkett at his heels. "Get out," shouted the Captain in an angry voice that carried across to me. "Get out and stay out," and without raising any sort of argument, the stranger took himself off.

If my interest had been aroused before, it was now clamorous for satisfaction, and yet I hardly dared put my speculations to the test by questioning Captain Birkett. The subject appeared to be a delicate one, and I should have to wait; but I could be sure that the gossip of the village would eventually sketch in a background for the Captain's encounter with the dismal stranger. In the course of time my expectation was fulfilled, and I can now set down the story as it has developed in the folklore of the community.

The Captain, it appears, was a sea-faring man of wide experience who had drifted into the village with his daughter Sarah, some twenty years before. Very soon his tales became the ornament and chief attraction of the meetings at the village store, and the burden of all his romancing was that he had lived such a driving hard life that now, of a right and of necessity, he was going to take things easy. As time passed his memory freshened, his recollections of hardships endured and injuries received became more vivid, and his requirements in the way of special care and coddling increased enormously. His daughter received his complaints in all seriousness, and when he finally took to his bed, she devoted herself completely to a kind of cabin-boy's life under his command. The neighbours could see that the old man's demands were wearing her down, but she took no stock in what they said. She believed her father implicitly when he told her that he was fading away—although nobody else could see it; she believed him to distraction when he said one day that he guessed he was not long for this world, and she began at once to prepare for the celebration of his demise and the consecration of his memory.

It was about this time that the darksome stranger first visited these parts and learned from a neighbour, who spoke only half-seriously, that old Captain Birkett lay near death. Thus informed, the stranger called upon Miss Sarah, engaged her in a long conversation, and then drifted away again, as he had come.

From that time the Captain's illness increased, and his demands with it, until the neighbours grew accustomed to Miss Sarah's reports that the end was near. In the vilest weather, he used to order her off to the drug-store for some trifle or other, and it was on the occasion of one such absence as this that a neighbour happened in with a large package which the postman had deposited at the Birkett's front gate. The parcel was addressed as plainly as could be to Miss Sarah Birkett, but the Captain insisted that it should be opened immediately.

The neighbour began to cut strings and pull off excelsior, although she tells me now that it seemed like a sneaky thing to do, and presently she treated the old man to an experience such as few human beings have ever enjoyed.

"There it was in front of him," says my neighbour, "a fine artistic thing, with a black frame and a glass cover. The inside was black velvet, with a dove and a wreath made out of white wax, and 'In loving memory—Captain John Birkett—a daughter's last tribute' printed around in a circle. Well, when the Captain saw that, he said, 'Get out of here.' He didn't like it much, but it was a fine thing for him; they do say he hasn't been in bed since, except at night.

"Sometimes he doesn't sleep even then, I guess, for thinking about Sarah. You know she just faded out when she didn't have to look after her father so much any more. The memorial-man must have seen her name on the new stone in the cemetery, and tried to sell Captain Birkett one of those pictures to hang up for her. I guess that's what made the Captain mad—not wanting to think about how she went."

G. T. R.



## THE THEATRE.

### A PLAY—PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT.

THE THEATRE GUILD has opened its season in New York with some upper middle-class conventionalities from the deft pen of Mr. Galsworthy. "Windows" is an appreciably slighter offering than some of the author's earlier efforts that come to one's mind, but if the essential fabric of Mr. Galsworthy's dramatic invention wears a bit thin, the surface is as attractive as ever and the workmanship brilliant.

The play is called a comedy, inasmuch as the central tragic figure is merely a girl of the submerged class; and it moves briskly to its well-tempered moral climax. The situation arises from the installation in the household of the March family of a new parlour-maid, in the person of Faith Bly, a young woman who has just emerged from two years imprisonment after achieving considerable notoriety as a result of strangling her illegitimate baby. It is brought out that she did not murder the infant for any sordid reason, or from a perverted instinct, but because she was convinced that the law in its irrational cruelty would take the child away from her.

Faith has inherited from a convivial father a taste for the diversions of life, and her situation is complicated by physical magnetism combined with simple-mindedness. Her qualifications as parlour-maid are nil. Mrs. March, the only realistic person in the household, well aware that she has the management of a domestic establishment rather than of a Salvation Army refuge, bitterly opposes taking the girl in; but her husband, son and daughter are romantically inspired to make their home the medium of Faith's salvation, and they overwhelm Mrs. March's objections. In the course of a few weeks Faith has inevitably been bored into luring Johnny, the son of the house, to forget sufficiently in a careless moment his egotistic pre-occupations and to kiss her with considerable earnestness. The kiss has no great significance on either side. Johnny apparently dwells in a moral third dimension, untouched by the primal desires, and Faith has already bestowed her simple affections on a predatory young man whose disreputable designs are to be revealed in the last act. The osculation, however, is witnessed by the cook, and so Mrs. March, despite a display of sentimental fireworks from the other members of the family, gives the girl her walking-papers.

Obviously this plot is of the most tenuous nature, but Mr. Galsworthy's craftsmanship serves to present it as substantial entertainment. The author has thought it necessary to preface the production with a note, printed on the programme, assuring the audience that the play has "a meaning." This assurance was disconcerting, to say the least, and scarcely enhanced one's enjoyment of the play. The meaning, apparently, is that, in British society, girls of the lower class with a past have no hope for the future. When Faith is finally turned out, it is assumed that the respectable avenues of gainful occupation are closed to her. This idea that the wages of sin is unemployment is a convention of the English stage, and a most astounding one. In any society it must be assumed that a girl who is sufficiently attractive to be "ruined" has an unfair advantage over her plainer sisters, and the worldly experience she gains in the course of being "ruined" gives her an equally unfair advantage over the run of less adventurous young women. Before entering the March household, Faith had secured tem-

porary employment at a starveling wage in a weaving establishment which hired only "girls that had been in trouble." It was, her father explained, "a kind of disorderly 'ouse without the disorders." On the other hand, the young woman was a skilled hairdresser, and one wondered why she could not immediately re-establish herself in that line and thus rob Mr. Galsworthy of his "meaning." Certainly he offered no argument to indicate that the proprietors of hair-dressing establishments required a certificate of virginity from the help.

In any event, one can not avoid the conclusion that even a prison would offer certain attractions for a reasonably healthy young woman over an indefinite internment in the March household. Thoughtful American audiences—and the Theatre Guild has demonstrated that there are such—are constantly impressed with the idea that if England were what England seems, as presented in the middle-class families of polite English comedy, the continuance of the Empire is a most unnatural phenomenon. The Marchs might well be an exhibit designed by a romantic neural specialist. Father and son are inspired by an idealistic negativity that holds them in a dead-centre of futile irritability. In this situation they are apparently aided and abetted by the daughter, Mary, whose minor rôle, however, is somewhat obscured in outline because, as acted by Miss Frieda Inescort, Mary is almost as difficult to hear as she is easy to look at. The irrationalities of the family have led Mrs. March to take refuge in a glacial aloofness which is truly appalling. Her problem is complicated by the fact that the other members of the household incessantly burn incense before the judgments of her son, who is a peculiarly caddish monstrosity even for the stage. He is a young man who risked his life in the war, unfortunately without result, and he is constantly reminding the family and the universe of his heroism, and claiming therefor a sort of perpetual moral bonus. It is impossible to believe that any family could endure such a burden for five long years without complete disintegration or murder. Indeed his vagaries so muddle the situation that the glacial Mrs. March is finally compelled, in order to preserve her sanity, to consume a whole decanter of brandy, and in a state of befuddled illumination she delivers Mr. Galsworthy's final moral platitude.

It is from such curious human material that Mr. Galsworthy concocts his play. In addition, strictly in the mode projected by the Victorian novelists, and adopted effectively back in the 'nineties by Mr. Bernard Shaw, he employs a Greek chorus in the person of a philosophical window-cleaner, Faith's father, who seasons the dialogue with his decorous sagacities. Some day, we trustfully believe, a British playwright will utilize a banker or cabinet minister, rather than a charwoman or ash-man, to convey his philosophy of life, and thus contemporary dramatic art will suffer a revolution. From Mr. Galsworthy, however, we may expect no such new tricks. His dramatic horizons are fixed, and he is not likely at this late day to venture upon voyages of discovery. Moreover he handles his medium with such ripened skill that he can afford to leave novelty and adventure to a younger generation. To sustain one's audience pleasurably through three acts in the lives of characters who in real life would be mobbed before sundown is no small triumph of technique. If the world, in any real sense, has passed beyond Mr. Galsworthy, he still has the power to breathe a semblance of life into his illusions.

HAROLD KELLOCK.



# LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

## THE ALLOCATION OF THE ALAND ISLANDS.

SIRS: In the *Freeman* for 3 October appeared a letter entitled "The Former Status of Finland." This statement seems so misleading, as a result either of voluntary distortion or a lack of knowledge of the case in hand, that it can not go unanswered.

Finland was a part of Sweden for centuries prior to 1808-9. Whether Aland was a part of Finland or Sweden at this time is an academic question. Suffice it to say that the population of Aland has its counterpart on the Finnish mainland in comparison with which the insular population is but a very small fraction. The larger element of which the Islands form only a part does not desire separation. I say this in order to point out that there are two sides to the question, a factor that seems to bear little weight with the writer of the letter in question. More important still is the fact that the case of Finland is generally conceded to be very strong.

History can be so distorted that it is a very poor guide in questions of this sort. It is necessary, therefore, to regard this matter from a political, ethnological, economic, geographic, strategic and textual point of view. Regarding it in this way, the commission of investigation, though in certain respects unsatisfactory, arrived at just results in spite of very poor reasoning. If facts are desired for a clarification of the thesis here set forth, the writer's volume in the archives of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and Gregory Noble's article in the *American Journal of International Law* for last June may be consulted.

Other points of fact are not worth quibbling over. It is well, however, to observe that there were larger stakes at play. Sweden, Finland, Germany, England and the whole Baltic have an interest in this question. Allocation to Sweden, which would have been very unjust, would have made the Baltic a Swedish lake and eventually brought on a conflagration in that quarter of the globe. Therefore from the standpoint of world peace, safety, and security, it is not only just but also wise and expedient to allow Finland to retain her islands.

In closing it may be said that the criticism to which former-President Wilson has been exposed is often unjust and childish. Of course his idealism was wrecked on the rocks of European cynicism. Moreover, as Lord Birkenhead said, the very things he aimed to prevent he brought back with renewed vigour. Blame him wherein he is blameable, but do not count him responsible for every little and large problem in Europe. In our particular question he is responsible in no way whatever. He had no voice in the Aland affair except as he was a supporter of the League. At the same time, let us not forget that the Council and the Assembly are not products of Woodrow Wilson's mind, and it was they who placed their sanction on the Finnish retention of Aland.

Therefore, to speak of the "suspicious behaviour of an American Jew" and to thank Woodrow Wilson in this case is unnecessary personal abuse. I am, etc.,

Durham, New Hampshire.

THORSTEN KALLIJARVI.

## BOOKS.

### THE INTUITIONS OF MR. CHESTERTON.

THE originality of Mr. Chesterton<sup>1</sup> does not consist so much in the novelty of his doctrine as in his method of spiritual apprehension and his method of literary expression. His fantastic fancy and humour, his uproarious high spirits and his most outrageous paradoxes are used only to defend the ancient tradition of Christendom. He is St. Thomas Aquinas dressed in motley instead of in the black and white Dominican habit, and his audacious epigrams are designed to startle us into perceiving the wild poetry of common men and of common things.

<sup>1</sup> "Fancies versus Fads." G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50.

His first impulse to write, as he tells us in his latest book, was a revolt of disgust with the æsthetic pessimism of the 'nineties. "It is now almost impossible to bring home to anybody, even to myself, how final that *fin de siècle* seemed to be; not the end of the century but the end of the world. . . . I did not know that the twilight of the gods was only a mood. I thought that all the wit and wisdom of the world were banded together to slander and depress the world, and in becoming an optimist I had the feeling of an outlaw." But the anti-decadent went out to fight the decadence with its own weapons. The verse of Chesterton is to this day strongly marked with the Swinburnian rhythms learned while he was denying the Swinburnian philosophy; and the prose of Chesterton with its careful balance, its impudence, its brilliance and its admirable clarity was modelled upon the prose of his antagonists. He was obliged to draw the rapier in duels in which those whom he had insulted had the privilege of the choice of weapons.

At this stage he became the friend and disciple of Hilaire Belloc. The two men entered into a fellowship so close that they seemed to form the two halves of the same brain. They came before the public as the exponents of a certain set of beliefs, from the subject of God to the subject of beer. They struck an exact balance between innocence and experience, worldliness and other-worldliness, reason and mysticism. Belloc knew: Chesterton guessed. And he guessed right.

Chesterton's intuitions are indeed so marvellously accurate that we might almost say that he could have invented the Christian religion if it had not been revealed. In his early volume of poems we see a very young man, hardly more than a boy fresh from an English public school (where extravagant devotions are, to put it mildly, not encouraged) on his knees in wonder before a blade of grass. The indifference of men to the world they lived in appeared so frantically unnatural that he was ready to starve and scourge himself in order to call attention to what was being ignored:

I stood and spoke a blasphemy—

'Behold! the summer leaves are green!'

He did not yet realize why his attitude of rapturous humility was right, but he passionately proclaimed it to be the right attitude. His pagan joy compelled him towards Christian asceticism.

"Joy," he has said, "which was the small publicity of the Pagan, is the gigantic secret of the Christian. . . . To the Pagan the small things are as sweet as the small brooks breaking out of the mountain; but the broad things are as bitter as the sea. When the Pagan looks at the very core of the cosmos he is struck cold. Behind the gods, who are merely despotic, sit the fates, who are deadly." "But," he adds in another place,

. . . it is only Christian men

Guard even heathen things.

He discovered for himself that wonder is the daily refreshment of modest people; that the fullest possible enjoyment is not to be found by extending our ego to infinity but by reducing it to zero; that "ambition narrows as the mind expands." And then he remembered that this was not his discovery at all.

In the same way he felt in his bones the need for private ownership before he understood its necessity in economics. As a child his favourite game was the drawing of pictures of a man surrounded by as many



articles of private property as could be squeezed upon the paper. His favourite book was "Robinson Crusoe," because the shipwrecked sailor had saved his goods and had enjoyed them upon a desert island. Yet like all the decently-minded young men of his day, he, who had not an atom of temperamental desire for public ownership, recited the solemn formula about the socialization of all the means of production, distribution and exchange; and that solely because he was horrified by the poverty of the slums and could see at the time no other means of removing it. Then—this is the way Mr. Chesterton himself described it to me—he found that the charming fairy tale he had made up about an impossibly beautiful person called a "peasant-proprietor" was confirmed by the facts of experience. He had wistfully imaged such a being, and had wished that he existed. Belloc, whom he happened to meet at that moment, was able to assure him that peasant-proprietors exist in thousands.

To take another instance: Chesterton had imagined the rod of authority descending with a noise like thunder into the hand of an ordinary man. Adam Wayne, the king in "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," was representative simply because he had become king by accident, in the way that a truly democratic House of Commons might be got together by the expedient of taking the first six hundred and seventy men one met walking up Charing Cross Road. Chesterton had even dared to think of this casual democracy existing in the highest spiritual tribunal. And he discovered that it did.

When Christ at a symbolical moment was establishing His Great Society, He chose for his cornerstone neither the brilliant Paul nor the mystic John, but a shuffler, a coward, a snob—in a word, a man. And upon this rock He has built His Church, and the gates of Hell have not prevailed against it. All the empires and the kingdoms have failed, because of this inherent and continual weakness, that they were founded by strong men and upon strong men. But this one thing, the historic Christian Church, was founded on a weak man, and for that reason it is indestructible. For no chain is stronger than its weakest link.

I have said that Chesterton is Belloc's disciple. But it is merely in the sense that Belloc has been able to corroborate with reason and history and a wide acquaintance with the world the things that Chesterton had already half-divined. Belloc probably is not without his mystical strain, but he never allows himself to use mysticism as a weapon; whereas Chesterton relies on it quite as much as on his marvellously adroit dialectic. And humility, Chesterton's cardinal doctrine, is not Belloc's strongest point.

Out of humility springs what Chesterton most values: the perpetual youth and renewal of the world, the sense of astonishment, the vivid consciousness of being alive. All his tales connect the ideas of innocence and enjoyment. In "Manalive" Innocent Smith, the hero, seeks to keep his power of wonder fresh by deliberately seeking danger: by eloping with his own wife, by burgling his own house, by setting out upon a journey round the whole world as the shortest way to the pleasure of coming home—in short, by stabbing himself broad awake. And Chesterton cries in his poem "The Sword of Surprise":

Sunder me from my bones, O sword of God,  
Till they stand stark and strange as do the trees;  
That I whose heart goes up with soaring woods  
May marvel as much at these.

Sunder me from my blood that in the dark  
I hear that red ancestral river run,

Like branching buried floods that find the sea  
But never see the sun.

Give me miraculous eyes to see my eyes  
Those rolling mirrors made alive in me,  
Terrible crystal more incredible  
Than all the things they see.

Sunder me from my soul, that I may see  
My sins like streaming wounds, the life's brave beat;  
Till I shall save myself, as I would save  
A stranger in the street.

Of all the curses that can fall upon the soul the curse of satisfaction is the one most to be dreaded; for it is the only curse that is able to destroy the soul. The sole satisfaction permitted to man is satiety—evil in itself and provocative of the further evil of perversion. Thus love is never satisfied, though lust can be sated. Not even with Himself does God let us be satisfied during mortality. Every saint dies full of unattained desire. The happy man sees every bush aflame with God, and yet can be satisfied with nothing less than beholding the face of God in the courts of heaven.

This sense of surprise is possible only on condition that nothing is ruled out as impossible. It demands free will not merely for man, but free will for God. It expects miracles. "But," writes Mr. Chesterton in "Orthodoxy":

I found the whole modern world talking scientific fatalism; saying that everything is as it must always have been, being unfolded without fault from the beginning. The leaf on the tree is green because it could never have been anything else. Now, the fairy-tale philosopher is glad that the leaf is green precisely because it might have been scarlet. He feels that it had turned green an instant before he looked at it. He is pleased that snow is white on the strictly reasonable ground that it might have been black. Every colour has in it a bold quality as of choice; the red of garden roses is not only decisive but dramatic, like suddenly spilt blood. He feels that something has been done.

It must be admitted, however, that, admirable as is this inexhaustible zest, the literary expression of it frequently grows tiresome. The most devout of Chestertonians—unless they happen to be very young—must weary of the maddening monotony of Chesterton's antitheses, and of the paradox that clicks out after paradox with the remorselessness of clockwork. There is no repose about the superb style of Chesterton: it has everything divine about it except the peace of divinity.

The truth is that Chesterton suffers more than any other writer from the defect of his own virtues. One has to take him as a rule in small doses: otherwise one gets too much of a good thing. He can therefore be most justly judged by extracts—indeed, his books may be described as more or less copious extracts from his talk. They may be opened at any place, and on every page some profound and witty thing leaps to the eye; but they are by no means easy to read from cover to cover. And how excellent is his best! The paper on Charlotte Brontë in "Varied Types," the paper on Lowes Dickinson in "Heretics," the drinking songs from "The Flying Inn," "Lepanto" and the greater part of "The Ballad of the White Horse," and—to make an arbitrary end—the opening chapter of "The Man Who Was Thursday" and the concluding essay in "Fancies versus Fads"—these are unmatched; these at least will endure.

But Chesterton has been too much absorbed in ephemeral journalism, in discussions of silly fads and in controversies with nameless fools. In his earlier



years he wrote several magnificent books: the monographs on Dickens, on Browning, on Blake, on Watts, on Shaw; "Heretics" and his masterpiece "Orthodoxy." But he has not improved since then. The habit of fifteen-hundred-word articles has set firmly upon him; there have been too many tremendous trifles; he rarely has the chance to say all that he would like to say about his subject. And when he does have the chance he often wastes it by tripping over his own exuberant discursiveness; and his cleverness actually gets in his way. Like an inspired errand-boy he loiters at every street corner of this fascinating world, and rarely has time left to deliver the goods or to deliver his message. And the errand-boy has grown too old to change.

Gilbert Chesterton is evidently aware of this state of affairs, for in his latest book he refers to "these idle journalistic jottings" and to "these superficial jests and journalistic points." And though many of the points are profoundly important, many of the jests extremely funny, the most whole-hearted of Chesterton's admirers are obliged to agree with him on this as on other questions. He has not written, and now will never write, a book quite worthy of his extraordinary genius. He will, I suppose, continue to swat flies with his battle-axe; to hunt fleas with the same high courage with which other men hunt tigers; to argue interminably with cranks; and to enjoy himself hugely. But he will never give the world an opportunity of discovering how great a man he is.

Some part of his greatness will, of course, appear; there is too much of it for any literary fault permanently to obscure. And it is likely that his legend will last longer than his work. For he is a teacher ever to be loved and revered as the embodiment of his own doctrine. There is about him something of Eden and of the morning of the earth, something greater than any of his books.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

### A SURVEY OF WESTERN CULTURE.

The authors of "The Making of the Western Mind"<sup>1</sup> have excellent intentions. They tell us that we are living in "an aftermath of war and revolution," and therefore they have given this volume to a public whose view of the world needs to be internationalized. "Aftermath" makes one rather suspicious. With revolutions in process and wars threatening, it seems as if the meaning of the word "aftermath" has been rather stretched. It was Ruth who gathered the "aftermath" among what was left of the alien corn. As the seeds of the dragon are still flourishing, and growing higher and higher, we shall have to wait some time for the "aftermath."

The book indeed deserves attention only because it symbolizes the efforts of many persons who are trying to unify the world by making us believe that we are growing every day better and better. Its thesis seems to be that if you say often enough that this is the best of all possible times, you will live in the best of all possible worlds; but Mr. Stawell and Mr. Marvin do not make much of a case. Mr. Marvin's contributions are the more intelligent. His chapter on "The Triumphs of Mathematics" is worth serious consideration. He is right when he says that the Cartesian system in its entirety has only a historical interest, but that the new mathematical instrument which Descartes invented is still of the utmost importance. Descartes brought together the methods of

algebra and geometry; he showed that any straight line can, by using co-ordinates of perpendiculars drawn from each point to two given axes, be expressed as an equation of the first degree, and all conic sections, including the circle, as equations of the second degree. This led to the differential calculus of Newton and Leibnitz. Mr. Marvin points out what he calls "one of the most amazing gaps in our general education":

Not one person in a hundred, even in our higher schools, is taught the simple principles of the calculus. It is still regarded as an advanced and abstruse subject, only fit to be attempted by the very few who have shown marked ability in mastering the earlier branches of mathematics, instead of being, as it is, the unifying aspect of mathematics which subsumes all the other methods of calculation and applies them to the problems of the moving world. That the right view is now gaining ground is shown by the increasing number of works in which it is intelligently presented. To do this generally in education, with the due historical preparation, would induce more than any other single reform the synthetic spirit, the need of which we shall note in our closing chapter.

Some of the chapters of this book are written in a truly Anglo-Saxon spirit, and with the audience of Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Five Towns" in view. The chapter on "The Coming of Christianity" is one of these; the occasional allusions to the happy and simple state of the early Christians are rather humorous. It is quite evident that Mr. Stawell knows very little about the early Christians; if he had studied the Epistles of St. Paul more closely, he would have discovered that they were not the cheerful, grateful and peaceful beings which the Reformation invented in order to excuse its various simplicities. The Catholic Church itself never had any illusions in regard to the perfectibility of the majority of these overrated persons. St. Paul, as a conscientious bishop, had his own troubles! On the other hand, the short chapter on "The New Architecture" is very well done. Mr. Stawell emphasizes the fact that the cathedral of Chartres is a treasure-book of knowledge of the Middle Ages. He seems to think that his readers will be surprised to know that the builders of the mediæval cathedrals tried to reflect the whole of life in their work. He is right in believing that neither the "Five Towns" nor "Main Street" has learned that the acceptance of a few dogmas in no way restrained the people for whom these cathedrals were built from seeing life with its sins, joys and sorrows as a foreground for religion. Imagine a Presbyterian chapel with a roof overrun by the demons of Notre-Dame in Paris! Why should not the figures of Pythagoras, Aristotle, Euclid and the great philosophers and poets of the Old World have their place in the all-embracing precincts of a Gothic cathedral? Mr. Stawell is surprised that the draperies of the angels raising the blessed Virgin in the Assumption are so like those of attendant nymphs in the "Birth of Aphrodite" on the so-called "Ludovisi Throne"; but the lines of beauty were not confined to the Greeks, and the Church took her own wherever she found it. The gay and cheerful little cherubim of the Italian painters were, after all, only cupids carrying symbolical wings, and very like human boys. The best part of Murillo's "Immaculate Conception" are those mischievous little angels, who found life more amusing under a Christian dispensation than when they were obliged to spend their time in shooting arrows at rather damaged hearts.

In the chapter on "Chaucer and His Foreign Teachers," Mr. Stawell is tremendously serious from his point of view, but he is rather comic from the point of view of the sophisticated reader. He is sure that Dante would have put the "Wife of Bath" in Hell. "We," he says, "can not help exulting in her cheery cry":

<sup>1</sup>"The Making of the Western Mind: a Short Survey of European Culture." F. Melian Stawell and F. S. Marvin. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$3.50.



But, lord Crist, when that it remembereth me  
 Upon my youthe and on my jolité  
 It tikelith me aboutē myn hertē-root!  
 Unto this day it doth my hertē good,  
 That I have had my world as in my tymē!

One has to understand the point of view of the Wife of Bath, who had always been rather a good churchwoman, and liked to have her precedence at the altar, to understand how out of tune with her time Mr. Stawell's very modern sympathy is. The Middle Ages, we are told, had just discovered the poetry of passion, which, we are also told, precluded marriage. Mr. Stawell does not realize that the theology of the Middle Ages was much more lenient to the sins of the flesh than to those of the spirit, and that the Wife of Bath was not nearly so worthy of the fate of Paolo and Francesca, who had deliberately added treachery to their sin, and were willing to accept the drifting winds of hell for the transient breezes of a short heaven on earth. They wilfully made their choice; and they died, believing that their love gave them victory over death. It seems complex, but according to Dante's theology it was plain enough.

Mr. Stawell's method of torturing facts and passages from books to suit his theory that democratic "free thought" will save the world, is exemplified in his quotation from the fourth Canto of the "Paradiso" of Dante; he quotes from an English translation what he calls the noblest defence of doubt ever written. It is in sympathy with that "most daring of all philosophers, the thinker who countermands recognition of man's inadequacy for a sign that he had hold on Adequate Truth." Let us see whether Dante was Hegelian or not by comparing Stawell with Dante himself. Here are Mr. Stawell's Hegelian verses:

I see well that our thought can never rest  
 Until it find the sunlight of that Truth  
 Apart from which there is no room for other.  
 It lies down in that Truth, when it has reached it,  
 Like a wild beast in its lair. And reach it can.  
 If not, the world's desire would be in vain.  
 Doubt springs from that, like a strong sucker growing  
 At the base of all our truth. And it is Nature  
 That drives us on from peak to topmost peak.

Here is what Dante says:

*Io veggio ben che giammai non si sazia  
 nostro intelletto, se il ver non lo illustra,  
 di fuor dal qual nessun vero si spazia.  
 Posasi in esso, come fera in lustra,  
 tosto che giunto l' ha: e giugner puollo;  
 se non, ciascun disio sarebbe frustra.  
 Nasce per quello, a guisa di rampollo,  
 a piè del vero il dubbio: ed è natura,  
 che al sommo ping'e noi di collo in collo.*

It is evident that *dubbio* means a question, not doubt. Even the usual notes to a student's edition would have informed Mr. Stawell that *natura* here means a "natural impulse," and is sometimes used as "a thing." Dante is really not so Calvinistic as Mr. Stawell represents him to be. He puts his favourite poets and philosophers, of whom Virgil is one, in a space of enamelled green where they are not without a certain happiness, nor doomed eternally; for, since Christ descended once into limbo, may he not descend again and upraise the soul to these poets and philosophers?

The chapter on "The Industrial Revolution and the Emergence of Modern Problems" should be very interesting to American readers. It is plainly an English middle-class point of view. It was quite unnecessary for the author to quote Voltaire, who believed that the luxuries of the rich helped to save the poor. He approves of

Adam Smith's theory, which is the opposite of Voltaire's. Of Adam Smith he says:

His attack on wasteful usages of wealth, from luxurious private equipages to needless expenditure on war, was trenchant enough to kill for ever the fallacy that so long as wages are paid it does not matter much to future wealth what they are paid for.

It is no longer the rich who excuse themselves for the extravagance in spending thousands of dollars on a ball by declaring that it is good political economy.

But the fallacy [our author says] re-appears in many forms; in our own day, for example, from the side of those artisans who urge a reckless policy of 'ca'canny' in order that there may be work enough for all, as though there were no danger lest the limitation of production should lessen the material essential for more.

It would be a pity for any amateur of psychology to miss "The Making of the Western Mind." It shows what a kind of half-culture has made of a large quarter of the Western mind. It explains why the League of Nations and a rose-watery optimism are used as opiates to dull those groups who might possibly think for themselves, if they ever thought at all. It explains nothing; it clarifies nothing. When the author has made it the basis of a series of successful lectures in Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Five Towns," he may deliver them to enthusiastic auditors in "Main Street." This volume is a precious human document, and a treasure to any man who wants to add to his library of unconscious humorists.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

#### MR. D. H. LAWRENCE'S CRITICISM.

HE would be a doughty reader indeed who would pretend that he understood, at every moment, what Mr. D. H. Lawrence, as a literary critic, is getting at. No contemporary has developed so highly as he the technique of what is called "spoofing"; the disarray, the wanton prolixity, the exhausting repetitiveness of his style, are excellently calculated to keep the reader from more than intermittent glimpses of his point. Like one of those adventurous cars in amusement-parks, his criticism tears madly along in defiance of gravity and direction and space, plunging the reader into obscure and hollow depths, and heaving him violently now and then to heights from which a good deal of landscape is actually visible. Like such a car, too, his criticism moves over a good deal of track without advancing very far from its point of departure: for all its apparent abandon, it is not really a freely-moving vehicle: its drive (like that of much sedate criticism) is determined for it by the lines of a special philosophy. That philosophy might be defined as an intense, I had almost said a desperate, dualism. It is as a dualist that Mr. Lawrence interprets the American spirit and its literary expression.<sup>1</sup>

The American people came over in the first place, he says, not in any search for freedom, but to escape from post-Renaissance Europe: they were those Europeans who could not bring themselves to breathe the clear modern air of realistic thought, that air in which men know themselves for what they are and hold ideals for what they are worth. Our fathers were not ready to slough the old skin yet; they came to America to grow the new skin underneath, and the process has engaged their sons ever since. It is not yet, one gathers, completed. We are still idealists and sentimentalists: we have developed the mechanistic life so perfectly because we dislike doing things ourselves and prefer to thrust machines between ourselves

<sup>1</sup> "Studies in Classical American Literature." D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer. \$3.00.



and nature. We are equalitarians because we dare not admit natural inequality; we are nature-lovers because we do not understand nature and think it can be humanized; we are intellectualists and rationalists because we do not realize that "Knowing and Being are opposite, antagonistic states." I do not think I do Mr. Lawrence an injustice in representing him as saying that Americans are all these things.

It is this tenacious dualism of the American mind that has made our literature what it is. It began with Cooper—"a gentleman, in the worst sense of the word"—whose inner struggle was between his actual desire to be "*Monsieur Fenimore Cooper, le grand écrivain Américain*," and his innermost wish to be Natty Bumppo. In Crèvecoeur it was a struggle between the idealist intellectualizing nature and the artist seeing it pitilessly; in Poe, between the desire for love, the complete identification with another soul, and his own sense of isolation. Hawthorne's greatest novel is the account of a sin which seems to lie in the violation of an accepted law, but which really lies far more truly in the sinners' faithlessness to their own emotional integrity. Dana was torn between the allurements of the Pacific and his hankering for civilization and knowledge; Melville, in much the same way, tried to be a primitive, but failed to shed his American mysticism and idealism. Whitman, finally, in his expansive pantheism, tried to merge the whole universe into himself and himself into the whole universe, and did not realize that the result was the disintegration of his own individuality.

One does not need to accept Mr. Lawrence's account as the whole historical truth in order to recognize the justice of much that he says about the impulses which led men to seek and to settle a new world; one does not need to see double, in a special sense, so fixedly as he does, in order to admit that the American mind has never been at peace with itself. "Americans have always been at a certain tension," says Mr. Lawrence: and those of us who know even a little about our national career will confirm him with a hundred examples. It is a pity that Mr. Lawrence allows his insight into such things to be befuddled with a murky mysticism; a pity that he can turn from so clear and prudent an utterance as this:

Men are free when they belong to a living, organic, believing community, active in fulfilling some unfulfilled, perhaps unrealized purpose. Not when they are escaping to some Wild West—

to such fantastic flummery as this:

The next era is the era of the Holy Ghost, and the Holy Ghost speaks individually inside each individual: always for ever a ghost. There is no manifestation to the general world. Each isolate individual listening in isolation to the Holy Ghost within him.

When he chooses to write plain English prose, Mr. Lawrence can be passionately simple and direct; when he prefers to write like a possessed typewriter, he can be infinitely tedious. He says the proper function of a critic is to save the tale from the artist. His own criticism needs to be saved from Mr. Lawrence.

NEWTON ARVIN.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

FOREIGNERS have often wondered why, with so much talent and bravery, the South lost the last great war in America. The reason is now plain; evidently Robert E. Lee was responsible for the defeat, at least if we are to credit Mr. Drinkwater's portrait of him in his latest play.<sup>1</sup> A more agreeable old gentleman, it is true, one could not find; and it makes one melancholy to think of him with his nice looks and fireside virtues roughing it on battlefields; but he was not the man to lead an army to bloody victory. He had his compensations,

to be sure; for if we are to believe Mr. Drinkwater the American Civil War must have been the pleasantest ever waged. There is a lot of talk of annihilating the Northern army; but annihilate is such a remote, even comfortable, word: one hardly associates it with slaughter. As the author makes Lee himself say: "Everybody is fine." The really baffling question is how the killing came about; for to an army so gentlemanly as Mr. Drinkwater's the mere idea of sticking a bayonet into a man could never have occurred. The only hypothesis that presents itself to one's nonplussed mind is that the opposing armies must have killed each other off by the sheer force of their noble indignation. At any rate, there is not a character in the play that shows the slightest inclination to bloodthirstiness or the least capacity for evil; not one of them has anything so vulgar as the instinct for self-preservation; they have only chivalry, self-abnegation, and the wish to die for Lee. His worshippers, indeed, never give him any peace; but it is a point against him that he encourages them, is heartbroken when one of them is wounded, and acts more like the nurse of his army than its leader. Happily there are not many deaths in the play; and happily these are edifying. The only regret is that Mr. Drinkwater did not make Lee die too; it would have been a grand death, and it would have given the other characters an opportunity to die with broken hearts—a spectacle which would have rejoiced at least one of the author's readers. It might be objected that such a *dénouement* would be in gross violation of historical fact; but the reader's answer to that is that this is an historical play. For those who desire to read sentiments which are at once elevated and platitudinous no better volume could be recommended.

E. M.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY was, if one wants to say it, a minor poet. But he was a minor poet who wrote transcendently on four or five occasions. He owes much to his editors—indeed no poet has ever been better served by editors than O'Shaughnessy. The thrilling poem that we all associate with his name, the ode beginning "We are the music makers," is, to some extent, the creation of Palgrave of the "Golden Treasury." O'Shaughnessy made a poem of seven stanzas—there were four minor verses hanging on to the three that now make the poem for us. Palgrave calmly omitted them, and by doing so, put O'Shaughnessy amongst the poets who can not be forgotten. That great short ode has lured many readers from volume to volume searching for other poems by the author that might go beside it. They need rove no more; the collection published by the Yale University Press is likely to be the definitive edition of O'Shaughnessy's poems. Mr. Percy has selected thirty-five poems; most of them are minor, owing much to Poe, Swinburne, and Rossetti; but there are three or four fine poems: "Salome," "The Fountain of Tears," "I Made Another Garden," "Prophetic Spring"; and there are two or three besides the ode that have high excellence, "Song of Palms," "Silences," and the strange ballad "Chaitivel," which has in it the song that the editor praises highly, "Hath any loved you well, down there." Mr. Percy acknowledges that in at least three-fourths of his selection he has done what Palgrave did with the ode; he has omitted stanzas. "I confess," he says, "that I look with horror at an editor arrogating to himself such omniscience; but in O'Shaughnessy's case it is the only way to save himself from himself and for posterity." One might regret that Mr. Percy did not do a little more cutting; the poem "Lynmouth" is spoiled by two commonplace stanzas that open it; they could have been omitted without any loss in sequence and with much gain in distinction. The "Poems of Arthur O'Shaughnessy"<sup>1</sup> is an attractive volume; even the poems that we are forced to call minor have the freshness of the work of a new and unknown poet, and with regard to the six or seven exceptional poems in the book we can heartily endorse what Mr. Percy says of O'Shaughnessy's work generally: "By some sorcery this man produced beauty of a rare and charmed and perfect kind, and this he gave to the world. For this let the lovers of beauty offer thanks to the high gods unquestioningly, remembering that many men have lived their lives and loved their loves, good or ill, blissful or wretched, without learning his enchanted speech." P. C.

<sup>1</sup>"Robert E. Lee: a Play." John Drinkwater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.

<sup>1</sup>"Poems of Arthur O'Shaughnessy." Selected and edited by William Alexander Percy. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$2.00.



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